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CHRONICLE.

The Royal
Family.

YESTERDAY week HER MAJESTY received the LORD MAYOR and others, who presented the Address of the Corporation on the birth of her great-grandson. The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, on their way back to London, stopped at Rhyl, and laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital.

The son of the Duke and Duchess of YORK was christened by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY on Monday, being held by HER MAJESTY, and named EDWARD ALBERT CHRISTIAN GEORGE ANDREW PATRICK DAVID. The PRINCE OF WALES subsequently attended more than one public ceremony.

On Wednesday HER MAJESTY knighted divers persons, including the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. Earlier in the week a baronetcy had been conferred on Dr. WILLIAMS, who had officiated as chief medical attendant on the Duchess of YORK recently.

Lords.

Yesterday week, in the Upper House, Lord ONSLOW started a discussion as to the recent transactions between the Duchy of Lancaster and the London County Council with regard to some property in the Strand—transactions incomplete by reason of a dispute over that blessed thing Betterment. The discussion was all the more apposite because the Report of the Lords' Committee on this very subject of Betterment was issued the same day. The Committee came to the conclusion (with which most sensible men will agree) that there is nothing unjust in the principle of betterment, but that it is almost impossible to apply it justly in practice.

Commons.

The discussion on the Finance Bill in the Commons, though not to the frivolous reader of wild apparent interest, ought to have had attraction enough for any one not frivolous. It opened with a concession (as concessions go under the Harcourtian régime of *Or ça! Or ça!*) in respect of property liable to duty elsewhere; but the Government soon relapsed into their own attitude of intransigence and ill-temper. They were, however, compelled to temporize in respect of their amiable desire to imprison for life any hapless executor who gets into difficulties about duty; and later they took an amendment from Mr. DODD. But the evening was mostly spent in stubborn refusals to hear reason.

Lords.

On Monday the House of Lords forwarded some Bills.

Commons.

There were some questions not devoid of interest in the House of Commons as to Nicaragua and the French Congo; but the questions were more interesting than the answers. Then the last day of Report on the Finance Bill opened with a course of events absolutely resembling that of many previous days. Only, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL having on one occasion exceeded his usual rusticity in answer, Mr. BALFOUR, whose temper throughout the proceedings has been the subject of admiring comments from his adversaries, rose and "gave it" to Sir JOHN RIGBY in the roundest fashion for abusing the understanding that existed, as well as for his unmannerliness. There could be but one unfavourable comment on this, and naturally it did not fail to be made. Does not the incident prove once more that "understandings" of the kind are a great mistake? It should be said that some concessions had been made by the Government, which plumed itself greatly on them. The chief of these was the exemption from duty of gifts to public bodies. This, it seems, is a concession. It is, then, we suppose, a concession when the boots at an inn, to whom you give sixpence, does not charge you an extra penny for his trouble in accepting it.

Lords.

Tuesday was something of a field-day in both Houses. The second reading of Lord SALISBURY'S Aliens Bill came on, and was carried by 89 to 37 against an elaborate speech from Lord ROSEBURY, who, as usual, fertile in the unexpected, actually twitted the mover with not having produced his measure when in power himself. It hardly required Lord SALISBURY'S debating faculties to retort that the recent Anarchist outbreak had been obliging enough not to occur till he had been turned out. For the rest, the PRIME MINISTER hid himself in statistics, upbraided Lord SALISBURY with the approval of foreign nations, and was in general singularly inconclusive.

Commons.

Questions having been asked about Siam (in reference to which Sir EDWARD GREY could or would give no more information than about the Congo), and about the Laureateship (in regard to which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT

displayed wonderful familiarity with recondite Latin quotations), the third reading of the Finance Bill came on, and its rejection was moved by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. It was, however, carried by a majority of 20, after a sufficiently vigorous debate. Mr. BALFOUR summed up the criticism of the measure at no very great length, but with much point; Mr. FOWLER and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT tried to defend it, and Colonel KENYON SLANEY made a fair hit by observing that the much-abused landed classes paid their "Death duties" pretty lavishly and ungrudgingly in the Crimea and elsewhere.

On Wednesday Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made his statement as to the progress of business. It was less unexpected than preposterous. The Evicted Tenants' Bill, the Equalization of Rates Bill, and the Scotch Local Government Bill, among Government measures, and the Eight Hours Bill, among others, were to be made urgent; the Welsh Disestablishment, Registration, and Local Veto being dropped. The *Daily News* very gravely remarks that the Irish Bill is "an obligation of honour"; if it had said "an obligation of dishonour," it would have made a fair epigram and an absolutely true statement. In other words, there are more, or more restive, Nationalists, London Progressives, and Scotch Gladstonians among the majority than there are Welsh Liberationists, One-Man-One-Voters, or Water-toast men—an interesting piece of political arithmetic. Some conversation took place, and the Army Estimates followed.

Lords. Two discussions of interest took place in the Upper House on Thursday respecting the Betterment Report and the Finance Bill, which latter was read a first time. Lord ROSEBURY was not lucky in either. In reference to the first, his attempt to claim a sort of conversion of the Peers to Betterment was easily foiled; and, on the latter, he, having said that the House had "nothing to do" with money Bills, was corrected by his own subordinate and senior, Lord KIMBERLEY, who admitted that it could reject, though he maintained (we think, erroneously) that it could not amend, them.

Commons. In the Lower House Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH moved the adjournment, in order to comment on the preposterous scheme of the Government, which could not be debated the day before, and, with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BALFOUR, who followed, had no difficulty in turning it inside (and a very shabby inside too) out. Mr. MORLEY then moved the second reading of the Nationalist Accommodation Bill (sometimes called the Evicted Tenants' Bill), which occupied the remainder of the evening.

Politics out of Parliament. Mr. BRYCE received, yesterday week, a deputation who wished for investigation of domestic boiler explosions. More inspectors, in other words; and then still more to see that domestic servants are not overworked and kept up late, and that cards are not played for money, and that excisable liquors are not consumed after legal hours. And so shall "le home Anglais" maintain its just repute as a castle at once of comfort and independence.

Some particulars of a fresh hit-under-the-belt of Mr. ACLAND's at the Voluntary Schools were published on Monday; and Mr. LABOUCHERE poured all the vials of his wrath on the Government for not doing away with the Upper House instantly.

A "scene" occurred, on Monday, in the Select Committee on the working of the Irish Land Acts. The question having arisen whether a certain letter should be read, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL alone of the Unionist members, and in opposition to the chairman, Mr. MORLEY, deserted to the Nationalists in favour

of the reading. Thereupon Mr. MORLEY at once closed the sitting, to decide whether he should retain the chairmanship.

On Wednesday we learnt that Mr. MORLEY had consented to retain his chairmanship on condition that more respect was paid in future to his rulings. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN announced some innocent-massacring in Grand Committee, with reference to the Scottish Local Government Bill; and the Committee on University grants recommended persistence in that ineffably shabby policy of religious persecution in reference to King's College, London, which we exposed some time ago. We may call special attention to the appeal which the Principal has made for voluntary endowment to meet the loss which will fall on the College if it does not renegade.

The patriots who had urged the election of O'DONOVAN ROSSA to the City Marshalship of Dublin, for no obvious reason except his hatred to England, were disappointed by the election of Mr. CLANCY.

The Chiltern Hundreds Committee sat on Thursday, and next morning the text of Lord ROSEBURY's refusal of the Mansion House dinner was somewhat belatedly published. It was less decisive than the abstract, and chiefly asked to be allowed to put off the feast till November.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. There was very little foreign news this day week, except that JABEZ BALFOUR's extradition had been refused. The American strike was dying, but not dead; and several persons were dead, or dying, in connexion with it.

On Monday morning papers were issued in reference to the surrender of the Anglo-Belgian Agreement in deference to Germany. As might be expected, they were not pleasant reading; but it was at least satisfactory to find that the Germans had no argument to offer for their pretension to interfere. They objected, and that was all. The French National Festival had been observed in a half-and-half fashion. It cannot be said that the unveiling of a statue of CONDORCET was of very happy omen. For CONDORCET was a very "moral" of the brilliant unpractical doctrinaire politicians who have left France for a full century practically adrift on the political sea. There was much gossip about Anarchist schemes. A scare had been started in Norway, on the occasion of a visit to the Northern Fiords by a Russian Minister. The Northern Fiords are most interesting just now; but it was not thought that the midnight sun (which, indeed, they could well see from their own territory) had captivated the Muscovites. A North Sea port free from ice was supposed to be the object—an object which the patriotic energy of Norwegian Home Rulers might be disposed to concede for backing against Sweden. And, indeed, what Irish Nationalist would hesitate to sell Bantry Bay to Russia? There had been fighting on the Mosquito Coast, the Corean difficulty was unsettled, and the American railway troubles were still not quite over.

Somewhat serious news, news which we discuss more fully elsewhere, came from the French Congo on Tuesday morning. The Upper Ubangi district (which in plain language means such tracts of English and Belgian spheres and of No Man's Land as France can succeed in annexing) had been proclaimed a separate command, and the well-known Major MONTEIL had been despatched with a strong staff to command it. Other news was slight; but there was still train-wrecking in the United States.

Rather grave intelligence also was reported from the Transvaal on Wednesday, to the effect that the Volksraad had passed a Bill practically prohibiting public meeting. It is well known at whom this is aimed, and as the persons concerned, with a little help from Mashonaland and elsewhere, are capable, or nearly capable, of holding their own against the Boers if it

came to a fight, it may be well to look out for squalls. A complimentary breakfast had been given to M. GOR on his resigning his membership of the *Maison de Molière* after just fifty years.

The parting of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa, which had been a real success, was described in the telegrams of Thursday morning, which were in other ways a little richer than those of the earlier part of the week. An insult had been offered by Japanese soldiers at Seoul to the British Consul-General which, if offered to the representative of a less long-suffering Power than England, might have awkward consequences for Japan. The urgency of the French Anarchist Bill had been voted by 279 to 167, and the tone of French comment, as, indeed, of foreign comment generally, except in Socialist and Radical organs, on Lord ROSEBURY'S speech was very unfavourable. The English publication as to the Congo agreement was supplemented by a German issue containing the correspondence with the Congo State. Negotiations about the Greek debt had been broken off. A Hawaiian Republic (with, of course, Mr. DOLE, who has engineered the struggles of Hawaii to be free, for President) had been proclaimed, and there was fresh grumbling from Samoa. In the United States the embers of the railway strike were still pretty glowing; but Mr. DEES had been sent to prison. From a Russian source it was asserted, and we hope it is true, that the passes from the Pamirs to Hunza-Nagar had been secured by British posts.

The capture of Kassala by the Italians, which was reported yesterday morning, had been considered in the Anglo-Italian Agreement some time ago, and it will make no difference or difficulty in regard to Egyptian territory or English sphere. But the *contrecoup* of it on the central power of the Khalifa may have important effects elsewhere. President CLEVELAND had interfered by a formal letter in the dispute between the two Houses of Congress on the Tariff Bill. In Italy LEGA, who tried to murder Signor CRISPI, had been condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. There was a little difficulty between Portugal and Germany on the Mozambique coast.

A somewhat unintelligible quarrel broke out at the Miners' Federation meeting yesterday week, in consequence of the Durham men (who are not members of the Federation) making some proposal or other.

On Monday the Duke of CAMBRIDGE inspected the Sandhurst cadets, and spoke of them with approval, not by any means hackneyed in the mouth of so outspoken a critic. Of the unveiling of the American memorial to KEATS at Hampstead we speak elsewhere. A meeting, well attended, was also held on Monday for the purpose of forming a "national trust" for "places of historic interest or natural beauty." We are inclined to think that this is emphatically a matter where much may be said on both sides. The privately owned place of the kind is sometimes ruined by neglect, or stupidity, or covetousness; the nationally held (not to mention the objection to nationalization generally) is nearly always ruined by sophistication.

On Tuesday there was some hope of a compromise between the County Council and the Water Companies, whose Bills it is opposing. At the meeting of the Council itself the allegations of unfair treatment of non-Unionists were denied, but it was admitted that one foreman had asked whether candidates belonged to a Union or not—which is a very large admission.

The Coal dispute was temporarily settled on Thursday, the owners agreeing to a two years' minimum wage of thirty per cent. above 1888. Attempts to fix wages arbitrarily have never yet succeeded, save under despotisms; but perhaps this is one.

Sales.

The remarkable coin sale which we noticed last week ended on Saturday last, having brought nearly four thousand pounds. Seventeen thousand was the produce of the Duchess of MONTROSE'S pictures and curios, rather more than a fourth being contributed by a Sir JOSHUA, a portrait of Mrs. MATHEW, BLAKE'S early friend and patroness, in whose house he met the "Dean of Morocco" (not Mexico this time).

Many very interesting and beautiful illuminated MSS. were included in the sale of the HOWEL WILLS library this week.

St. Paul's School.

On Wednesday Mr. ACLAND gave to a deputation of the Governors of St. Paul's School some account of the alleviations which he was prepared to propose in the Charity Commissioners' scheme for crippling that institution. Considering who and what Mr. ACLAND is, they might have been worse. The grossly unfit addition of representatives of the County Council was of course maintained. But the pittance allowed the School out of its own revenue was increased from 8,000*l.* a year to 9,000*l.*; a still more important addition was practically made by the transference of repairs from this fund to the general account; and some minor alterations, the chief of which was the striking out of the intended charge of fees on COLET'S 153 scholars, were accorded. Why the School should be meddled with or plundered at all Mr. ACLAND did not condescend to explain.

The Law Courts.

A very unpleasant lunatic, or supposed lunatic, who for no reason at all had tried to stab Mrs. SANDYS, wife of the Cambridge Public Orator, was brought up at the police-court on Tuesday.

The Naval Manœuvres.

The Naval Manœuvres began formally on Wednesday. Only one ship was reported as disabled in the first twenty-four hours.

Yachting.

At the end of last week the *Vigilant* went into dock to have her spars shortened, with the object of reducing the time allowance she has to give to the *Britannia*. This alteration, which saved her a minute and a half, and the change to opener water and a fresher (though rather intermittent) breeze, brought her no more luck in Belfast Lough on Monday than she had had on the Clyde. *Britannia* still ruled the waves by a minute and a half, besides as much more which still remained her due as allowance on the diminished sail-area of the American.

However, *tout arrive*, &c., and on Tuesday the *Vigilant* at last got what observers all along predicted would be her day—to wit, a strongish breeze with smooth water, as distinguished from really rough weather. It was unfortunate (for the most insatiate Briton could not grudge her one victory) that, although there was every probability of her securing it had the match been fought out, the *Britannia* broke the throat-band of her gaff, and had to stop soon after the beginning of the third round.

Racing.

The Hurst Park Summer Handicap, this day week, produced a good field and an excellent race, Victor Wild winning well from Dornroschen and Florizel II.

The most interesting piece of racing on the first day of the Newmarket Second July Meeting was the fine finish in which Adoration beat Sprightly for the Beaufort Stakes.

The Zetland Plate on Wednesday was won by Styx, and the July Handicap by Beggar's Opera.

The racing of Thursday was made interesting by an extremely good fight between Bullington and Styx for the Midsummer Plate, the first named winning by a neck.

Cricket.

Rain greatly interfered with the cricket of the end of last week. On Friday Yorkshire succeeded in beating Essex; but Eton and Harrow could not even begin.

Saturday was more merciful, and a sufficiently interesting Eton and Harrow match was played, though almost of necessity it was left unfinished. The advantage was rather decidedly on the Eton side, despite an alarming "rot" which set in at the beginning of their first innings; and no individual play approached that of Messrs. CUNLIFFE and C. C. PILKINGTON, who both bowled and batted for Eton in quite exceptional style. On the other hand, the Harrow fielding was the better, and was extremely good. The most interesting thing in the other cricket of the day (which was still much interfered with by rain) was a splendid innings of 119 made by Mr. LIONEL PALAIRET for Somerset against Notts. But Notts won, as did Kent against Gloucestershire. Clifton beat Cheltenham.

Cricket was seriously interfered with on Monday, and considerably on Tuesday, by the bad weather, so that matches progressed slowly and with small scoring. An exception to this, however, was ABEL'S 112 not out for Surrey against Derbyshire. Somerset, despite 69 from Mr. LIONEL PALAIRET in his second innings, were easily beaten by Lancashire.

Middlesex beat Sussex on Wednesday, but the other matches left in were drawn owing to rain.

Games. The interest which had been felt in the athletic meeting of Oxford and Yale was justified by an excellent fight in far from excellent weather. Of the nine events, one, the high jump, was tied; three went to Yale (of which two, the hammer and the weight, were foregone conclusions for Mr. HICKOK, a very fine performer indeed in a species of competition which, whether rightly or wrongly, is not considered among us quite to rank with running and jumping); and the other five, including all the races, to Oxford, who thus had a good win.

Mr. J. PIM secured the Lawn-tennis Singles Championship for men, and Mrs. HILLYARD that for ladies, on Tuesday.

The doubles for men were won by the Messrs. BADDELEY on Wednesday.

Bisley. The United Services Cup yesterday week went to the Navy.

This day week the Elcho Shield was won at Bisley by Scotland, Ireland being second, and England third in a very close contest. The Kolapore Cup was secured by the mother-country, and the Chancellor's Plate by Cambridge. Captain GIBBS won the Albert.

At Bisley, on Wednesday, the first stage of the Queen's Prize being completed, the Bronze Medal was won by Corporal BAILEY, of the 3rd East Surrey. The Alexandra went to Major HEAP, of the 2nd Manchester, and the Prince of Wales's, appropriately enough, to Colour-Sergeant BALL, of the 3rd Welsh.

Miscellaneous. It was said last week that Sir HENRY LAYARD had left the reversion of his best pictures to the National Gallery.

The Bar moaned again this day week, when also the Cobden Club held its meeting, and the Artillery Company were inspected.

Respecting something which has been much advertised as "The Oxford Summer School of Theology," it is perhaps as well, since the public of the present day is very gullible by persistent practices, to repeat the warning that it has nothing to do with the University of Oxford or with the "School" of Theology in that University, but is a sort of picnic of Dissenting ministers and others, organized by a Congregational boarding-house, which has been established in the outskirts of the city of Oxford, as it might have been in those of Oxley, Oxted, or Oxmantown.

It was announced on Wednesday that the novels of OUIDA having been put on the Index with those of FIELDING and SMOLLETT at a Birmingham library, the lady had very sensibly replied that she was gratified at her company.

Seven men were killed in a most unfortunate, and it would appear most clumsy, attempt by a Trinity cutter to blow up a sunken yacht in the Solent on Thursday.

Obituary. M. LECONTE DE LISLE, whose death was announced this week, at no inconsiderable age, was, according to some estimates, the last of the great race of nineteenth-century French poets. We are aware of course that, not to mention *les jeunes* and their whims, some may put in a claim for the amiable talents of M. COPPÉE and the respectable philosophizings of M. PRUDHOMME, while others will allege the morbid and hectic, though not unreal, qualities of M. VERLAINE. On the great and sane estimate, however, M. LECONTE DE LISLE leaves no fellow in his own country. He was not himself by any means a flawless poet; he gave in to childish cranks in spelling classical names, as well as in weightier things; he attempted little that was original of late years. But the author of the *Poèmes antiques*, the *Poésies barbares*, and the *Poèmes et Poésies* was somebody, and such a somebody as, since his own contemporaries BANVILLE and BAUDELAIRE, in their very different ways, France has (with all deference to their successors) not seen.

AN END AND A BEGINNING.

IT would be impossible to add anything to the comprehensive and destructive criticism with which, in perhaps the ablest speech he has delivered on the subject, Mr. BALFOUR took leave of the Finance Bill. That his exposure of the abounding impostures of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Budget will produce its due, or anything like its due, effect it would be vain to hope. It is hard enough to compel the intelligent attention of the "democracy" to the broadest principles of ordinary legislation; to allure it to a Finance Bill, and to keep it fixed upon a mass of intricate arithmetical and legal details, would of course be impossible. Indeed, the Parliamentary party who claim to be most closely "in touch with" the democracy took an apparent pride in displaying what, we believe, is called the "popular fibre" of their minds by cultivating a broadly sympathetic ignorance of the provisions of the measure which they are accustomed to extol. They have so touchingly trusted their leader to do the right thing in the way of confiscation, and to enable them to tell their constituents that "he is the 'boy' to squeeze the rich, that they have not deemed it necessary to master the details of the Finance Bill or even to attend the debates in Committee. It was a prudent resolve for more reasons than one, for a Budget is a thing much more easily discussed in generalities and on a provincial platform than in the House of Commons, and in the face of half a dozen of the acutest and best informed financial critics that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever had to face. Indeed, as regards this last point, it would be difficult to recall any Budget debate in which attack and defence have been so unequally matched. Independently of the criticism brought to bear upon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's financial proposals from the Front Opposition Bench, they have been handled by some half-dozen Unionist private members with an ability to which Mr. BALFOUR, in just rebuke of the ignorant sneers of habitual absentees on the opposite side of the House, paid a generous tribute in the debate on the third reading.

Thanks, of course, to the causes above indicated, there is no form of legislation in which the historic legislator can more safely and successfully delude his "gallery" than he can in a Budget Bill. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has posed as the great financier who has, as Mr. BALFOUR put it, "taken the opportunity afforded

“by his having to meet a formidable deficit to carry out a great fiscal reform on the principle of “taxation adopted in this country.” How hollow is the pretence the debates of the last month have shown; and Mr. BALFOUR, the other night, summed up the evidence in an overwhelmingly conclusive fashion. But the task of awakening the deluded audience to an appreciation of the cheap theatrical devices which have taken them in we have admitted to be a practically hopeless one. And, indeed, no sooner is one performance over than another, displaying an even greater contempt for the intelligence of the spectator, has been begun.

In other words, the end of the financial imposture has coincided with a new beginning of the general legislative farce. The statement with regard to “public “business” which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made to the House last Tuesday was of too monstrous an absurdity to be listened to *incolumi gravitate* even by the present House of Commons, and was punctuated with laughter throughout. But of course it has another than its merely ludicrous side. The proposal to take three Bills—one of them of the most extremely contentious character, and two others of the largest dimensions in point of detail—and, having disposed of these (and “given facilities” for a fourth which is as controversial as any), to proceed with some dozen or so of uncontentious, or so-called uncontentious, measures, and then to get one hundred and odd votes in Supply, and to do all this between the 19th of July and the nominal end of the Session, is an undertaking of such colossal impudence—for no milder word would serve—as has never before affronted Parliament. It ought not to be possible for any Government to feel that it can with safety offer so gross an insult to the intelligence of the House of Commons, to say nothing of the country. The inference which that possibility suggests is a humiliating one. Representative institutions must, indeed, be falling into their dotage when a Government can venture to treat a legislative Assembly of such antiquity and authority as though it were a pack of children to be amused by the crude impromptu fables of their elders.

OXFORD AND YALE.

THE least that his College can do for Mr. FRY, we think, is to erect a statue to him—a pedestrian statue—in the quadrangle of Wadham. Had he lived in ancient Greece, PINDAR would certainly have celebrated him in an ode which would have contained references to almost every possible subject except the matter in hand. Nothing but the decadence of British sculpture prevents us from opening a subscription for a portrait statue, Mr. FRY to be represented in the usual costume of a Greek athlete. Perhaps, as America has so thoughtfully supplied Hampstead with a bust of KEATS, we might give Yale a bust of Mr. FRY, with the motto “*Diina Forget.*” Having led his University to victory over Cambridge at cricket and athletics, and having also defeated Yale in speed of foot, Mr. FRY has now only to get a first-class in Greats, which he can easily do, and then to row in the University boat. After that he might be appropriately carried off to Olympus by an able-bodied eagle, for there are no more athletic laurels to conquer.

It is natural, of course, that we should prefer a victory of Oxford over Yale rather than a triumph of Yale over Oxford. It is HOLINSHED—or is it HALL?—who, describing the rejoicings of the Orleans people after the siege was raised, says, “in short, they did “all that we should have done in the like case.” Probably if Yale had been the winners (as they easily may be another time) they would have thrown up their

caps not otherwise than we do now. But we are not puffed up beyond what is just for a variety of reasons. The home party has an advantage in these affairs. The weight of sympathy is with them; though an American success would, no doubt, have been cheered as loudly as the success of Australia has often been. The visitors probably needed to change their habits, and their diet, for all that we know, in some degree. If they train on pie at Yale (and pie is believed to be the staple of American food), they may have found ours “not very popular pie,” as Mr. GRANT WHITE heard the little boy say in the New York eating-house. Again, the Yale men may have had an uneasy sense that the eye of their native continent was on them, which produces a feeling of heavy responsibility. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were much less keenly concerned about the chances of Oxford. The stolid British sense of superiority—our insularity, in fact—upholds us through these strains on the emotions. We are confident that we can whip creation in such feats as are done with legs and arms. But Yale or Harvard may beat us next time; and a joint team from these Universities would be very awkward to tackle. It is reported, from an American source (a lady witness, to be sure), that the undergraduates of Columbia are, at present, greatly ambitious to excel in—we give the reader a hundred guesses—in *skirt-dancing*. This statement may only be part of the Great American Joke; however, the statement has been palmed, by a fair critic, upon British credulity. The representatives of Yale have demonstrated that there is nothing of BATHYLLUS about them; and competitive skirt-dancing is not an athletic sport to which they are likely to challenge us. The Anglo-Saxon race (if we may be permitted to use the phrase) has a great deal more of the Greek than of the Phæacian in it, and runners and leapers have, and exercise, the right to despise dancers. And, now we think of it, Yale holds the place of ODYSSEUS in Phæacia, for he putted the stone rarely well, but his running powers were marred by the sea.

DANGERS IN AFRICA.

ALTHOUGH, as we have observed elsewhere, the papers which tell in detail how the “absolute “shall” of the Germans in the matter of the Tanganyika-Nyanza way-leave was first ignored and afterwards cringed to by Lord KIMBERLEY are ugly and venomous reading, they have the qualities as well as the defects of the toad. In the first place, it is noticeable that the Germans abstain from the slightest attempt to argue their case. “We told you once that “we disliked something; we choose to consider this “thing as equivalent to that; and if you do it we “shall not consent.” To the good Lord KIMBERLEY, who does in a feeble sort of fashion attempt to argue, they avowedly decline to make any reply. They call a lease a “transfer of territory,” which it is not. In short, they do nothing but say, “I don’t like it, and if you “do it, I must suppose you wish to quarrel with me.” Now we ourselves—while disapproving as strongly as possible of Lord KIMBERLEY’s clumsy omission to find out how the land lay beforehand, and of his abject retreat when he suddenly discovered the lie of it—have always fully admitted that the particular point was one not worth quarrelling about. Some day, if we are strong enough, we shall take anything we want in those parts; and if we are not, we shall lose what we have. But meanwhile it is interesting to observe that the form of the German complaint emphasizes, with a clumsiness almost as great as Lord KIMBERLEY’s own, the nature of Germany’s conduct in recently handing over to France certain lands in the Tchad dis-

strict; while it amply justifies ourselves in regarding that "transfer" as null and void. Germany asserts that she has a right to object to any alteration in the status of the neighbourhood of her own frontier; and the letting loose of the French on Baghirmi and Wadai affects most decidedly the status and prospects of the English sphere of which Uganda is the nucleus. Germany declares that she, having helped to recognize as Congo State territory certain lands, is entitled to object to any transfer of them afterwards. England, having agreed to recognize as German certain other lands, has therefore a right to veto their transfer to France.

And it would appear that this transfer to France is not to be a dead letter or a flourish of the pen by any means. Tuesday morning's papers contained two pieces of intelligence which may possibly be of the very utmost importance, and are not made of less by the grumbling of the French Chauvinist papers at the non-completion of negotiations as to the Anglo-Belgian lease. One was the separation of the "Upper Ubangi" district from the French Congo, and its elevation to the dignity of a distinct command, on the express ground that so the commandant might be able to act on his own responsibility. The other was the despatch of this very commandant, Major MONTEIL, with a large staff and much material, to be joined in Africa by Senegalese tirailleurs in force. Now Major MONTEIL is a typical example of the class of colonial French officer who has already half-a-dozen times brought England and France to the verge of a quarrel; and the action of such an officer, when expressly furnished with full powers, may be judged from that action which, in the teeth of superior orders, recently took the French to Timbuctoo. Further, the "Upper Ubangi district" is a term about as accommodating as the parish of Stepney. In one direction the French avowedly conceive it to extend to those territories wherein they have just by arrangement secured German recognition, to the Sultanates of Wadai and Baghirmi on the east of Lake Tchad, from which the nearest elbow of the Ubangi is hundreds of miles distant. Nay, for aught we know, it may extend from Wadai to Darfur, from Darfur to Kordofan, and from Kordofan to Nubia and Egypt. In the other direction, and on the Ubangi proper, it with equal frankness extends to the Nyam-Nyam districts, over which the Belgians have been extending their influence, to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the lease of which to King LEOPOLD has recently excited French wrath, and, as some Frenchmen have more than hinted, to Uganda and the Upper Nile. It is impossible for French wanderings in either direction to go far without being directly prejudicial to British interests, and it is by no means improbable that they may go far. The successes of the Belgians on the various branches of the Congo, and of the French themselves at the back of Senegal, show that in these loosely constituted and weakly armed African districts, strong parties well provided with Western munitions of war, and absolutely ruthless in their method of fighting, can conquer, if they cannot hold, almost *ad libitum*. The native despotisms which till lately solidified the Tchad sultanates seem to have been breaking down; and though the Zandeh or Nyam-Nyam (not the "Mah-dists") seem recently to have inflicted a check on the Belgians, it is pretty certain that there is no power in that neighbourhood which could resist a determined attack from France. Therefore it is just as well to keep our eyes open. The chapter of accidents has, no doubt, many verses that might help us. The distances are great; the climate is vile; one square of five degrees each way on the map (Lat. 5° to 10° N. by Lon. 15° to 20° E.) which has to be traversed is one of the most unknown districts still remaining in Africa;

and, as the Belgians have found out, the game is an exceedingly expensive one, even if you have it wholly or mostly your own way. But it is not well to trust to the chapter of accidents, and it is well to remember that in this Upper Ubangi district the French are essentially interlopers. It was never intended when such ample space in the Western half of Northern Africa was secured to them by the Anglo-French agreement of a few years ago, that they should meddle with the Eastern half at all. The Italian capture of Kassala has made it more desirable than ever that fresh complications should not be introduced into the Upper Nile problem. And if English statesmen would learn, or rather re-learn (for they used to know how to speak it) the language of blunt "hands off," which the Germans now talk so pat, the French would be roundly informed that they had better not attempt to intrude.

MR. LABOUCHERE ON THE WAR PATH.

NOT often is it given to any political party, however deserving, to find themselves in the position which the Unionists occupy as spectators of the efforts of Mr. LABOUCHERE to get up a fight between the Radicals and the Government. The tranquil consciousness that whether Mr. LABOUCHERE succeeds in getting up this fight or fails to do so, and whether in the former event he wins or loses it, the result cannot by any conceivable chance but inure to the benefit of the Unionist party—the placid contemplation, we say, of this delightful arrangement of all the possibilities, begets in one a feeling as nearly approaching the voluptuous as it is in the power of politics to produce. For, first, let us take the hypothesis that Mr. LABOUCHERE fails to get up the fight for which he is "spoiling"; or, in other words, that the Government haughtily refuse to commit themselves at his dictation to an electioneering campaign against the House of Lords, and that the member for Northampton cannot muster enough support to punish them in any effectual way for their refusal. What will this mean? We can best state it by an adaptation of his own words. "I am not," he says, "a Parliamentary chicken. I have seen the Radicals fooled again and again." Well, if the Government treat his recent challenge with successful contempt, this mature Parliamentary fowl will be older by an irritating experience, and the Radicals will have been fooled once more. This last proposition is not open to dispute. There is no getting over the plain tale which Mr. LABOUCHERE tells on the subject, and which, indeed, he might easily have amplified by reminding Ministers of the meeting held at Portsmouth early in the present year to denounce the House of Lords, and of the speech in ERICLES' vein which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the most important member of the Cabinet but one, delivered on that occasion. But, without reckoning this, it is undeniable that both Mr. GLADSTONE'S and Lord ROSEBERY'S Government have—the former willingly, the latter with hesitation, but unmistakably—encouraged the agitation from which they now hold aloof. They have egged on Mr. LABOUCHERE and his friends by every sort of indirect and uncommitting incitement, and have kept them comparatively tractable throughout the whole Session by encouraging them to suppose that after it was over Ministers would put themselves at the head of the expedition against the Lords, and lead their followers to death or victory. Now, however, that the Government have got through all the business they are themselves interested in, "the hobby-horse is forgot," and the prancing demonstration against the wicked Peers is postponed without day. If it is too harsh to describe this as "fooling" the Radicals, then that word is a cruelly unjust description of the treatment of the

young man from the country who forgathers with the obliging Londoner at the public-house bar, and to whom enters the fortunate legatee, overflowing with faith in the integrity of his fellow-men.

And now "put case" that the Government yield to Mr. LABOUCHERE's "persuasions." We do not say that this is probable; on the contrary, we should imagine that a Cabinet which contains at least a certain number of decent electioneering tacticians would resist to the last the pressure which the Radical *frondeur* is bringing to bear upon them. But one never knows. It is impossible to say what shifts such a Government as Lord ROSEBURY's may be put to in their desperate need of a "cry" good, bad, or indifferent; and it is at least on the cards that jealousy of the PRIME MINISTER might prompt some of his colleagues to endeavour to commit a party to a movement which would be particularly embarrassing to their chief. At present Lord ROSEBURY has contented himself with the eminently diplomatic comment on the resolution of the Leeds Federation that it is "a valuable expression of opinion." It is certainly valuable to him in the sense that it is worth knowing. To have been informed that his Radical followers have pronounced in favour of early legislation, empowering the House of Commons to reintroduce a Bill rejected by the House of Lords, and pass it over the head of that House, is, no doubt, to have received information of value. This value, of course, would be considerably enhanced if the information were accompanied by suggestions as to the course to be pursued, when the Bill itself had been, as of course it would be, rejected by the House of Lords; but you cannot have everything. We repeat that the resolution as it stands is, as Lord ROSEBURY describes it, a, to him, "valuable expression of opinion"; and it is also worth his knowing that Mr. MORLEY accepts the principle of the Leeds Resolution, with the proviso that the offence of the Lords is not to be deemed complete unless the Bill which they reject, and their veto upon which is to be forcibly overruled, "has been passed by the Commons in two successive Sessions." The effect of these various items of "valuable" information may be, or may become, more considerable than at present appears; and, on the whole, we cannot pronounce it absolutely impossible that Mr. LABOUCHERE and the Leeds Federation may succeed in imposing their policy upon the Government. It will be the salvation of the party, Mr. LABOUCHERE is of opinion, if he does succeed; indeed, it is, according to him, their one and only way of salvation. "It seems," he says, "to be generally thought that we shall have a General Election on us before the next Parliamentary year. On that election will depend whether the Liberals or the Tories are to be in power for the next six years. If the Ministry decline to adopt in its entirety the Leeds declaration, that Bills passed by the Commons in a Session are to become law in the Session, we shall be beaten, and rightly beaten." This proposition, though of course it does not logically imply, is no doubt meant to suggest, its converse—namely, that, if Ministers do adopt the declaration, "we shall beat, and rightly beat, our opponents."

It is far from probable, we imagine, that the Government would take up their residence in this most egregious of "fools' Paradises" with as little misgiving as Mr. LABOUCHERE; but that matters little to us, as long as they accept the tenancy. No better news could reach the Unionist ear than that the whole Gladstonian party, with the Government at its head, had resolved to make "Down with the House of Lords!" their *cheval de bataille* after all. For the first effect of that resolve—and this is no doubt what the wiser tacticians of the party only too clearly perceive—would be to compel "our sweet enemy" to fight the next election on the line which would suit us best, and in the view of

all the 'cutest among them—including, we fancy (though he has, apparently, failed to note this consequence of his advice), Mr. LABOUCHERE himself—would suit them worst. In other words, they would have to fight the next election on the Home Rule Bill of 1893. For, of course, it would be impossible for the Gladstonians to attempt to "raise the country" against the House of Lords, without putting the rejection of this precious measure in the forefront of their indictment. Indeed, whether the Gladstonians cited this act as one of the chief offences of the Lords, or whether they said nothing about it, would be immaterial, since the Unionists would in any case put it forward as the chief claim of the Lords to the national confidence, and their triumphant demonstration of their constitutional value; so that, whatever happened, the struggle between the assailants and the defenders of the Upper House would, sooner or latter, resolve itself into a battle over the body of the defunct Home Rule Bill. In other words, the country would be solemnly invited to pronounce upon a proposed "reform" in the relations of the two Houses by the light which the history and fate of Mr. GLADSTONE's legislative monstrosity of last year have thrown upon the working of the existing system. The constituencies would be called upon to rally with enthusiasm to the support of legislation by virtue of which, if adopted in the form approved at Leeds, the Home Rule Bill of 1893 would have become law last year, or, if Mr. MORLEY's more "moderate" counsels carried the day, would just about this time probably be awaiting the Royal Assent.

What a stirring programme to wave before the eyes of the "predominant partner"! Away with the power of the Lords to prevent a combination of factions from making Ireland mistress both in her own House and ours, and taxing us to the tune of half a million a year for the privilege! That is literally the cry by which Mr. LABOUCHERE hopes to rouse the British elector to sweep away, or at any rate to cripple, the power of the "Obstructive House." For cry of any other kind against the Lords there will be none, nor even the pretence of one, if the dissolution takes place at anywhere near the period which the Radical calculations assume. There is little or no probability that any "popular" or "democratic" legislation which the Peers can be denounced for "marring" or "mutilating" will find its way to the Upper House before the Lower itself goes back to its constituents. The Ministerialists, if as a party they listen to the exhortations thus addressed to them, will have, in sober, serious fact, to go the round of the English constituencies and summon them to execute justice on the House of Lords for having interfered to prevent the sale and transfer of English legislative independence by Mr. GLADSTONE to his Irish followers. "Is the Cabinet prepared to tie 'itself to the Leeds Resolution,'" asks Mr. LABOUCHERE, "or is it not?" It is as though a crew should say to their captain, "The ship is in immediate danger of foundering. There hangs the anchor. Will you lash 'us to it, or will you not?" The question is a vital one, and all who wish to see the whole ship's company drown, politically speaking, at the next election, await the answer with amused interest.

ALIENS AND ANARCHISTS.

LORD ROSEBURY can hardly have reflected, while he was indulging in heroics against Lord SALISBURY's Alien Bill on Tuesday evening, that they would be printed next morning, together with reports of the first debate on the Anarchist Bill in the French Chamber. If he did remember that fact, it is no proof of sagacity that he did not foresee how absurd

the juxtaposition would make some parts of his speech to look. Indeed, Lord ROSEBURY might well have had Italy and Spain in his mind as well as France. All three countries are equally engaged in strengthening, or attempting to strengthen, the hands of their Governments in dealing with Anarchists. All three, it may be added, have a firm belief that these pests find help and encouragement from allies to whom this country offers a secure refuge. When Lord ROSEBURY spoke in a tone of tearful reproach of the feeling which Lord SALISBURY had roused against his own country, he cannot have been so ignorant as not to know that he was talking nonsense. The tacit complicity of England with the Anarchists has been a commonplace for a long while. We are not concerned for the moment to discuss the question whether the belief is well founded or not. The question is that it is there, and Lord ROSEBURY cut no brilliant figure when he poured out pinchbeck eloquence about the murmur his prophetic ear heard rising in response to Lord SALISBURY's unpatriotic appeal last week. The murmur has been audible any time this last two years even to those who are not so well placed to hear as the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was particularly audible about the time a certain "safety-valve" had to be shut down in Trafalgar Square, which was also about the time the outrage was committed in Barcelona Opera House. Will Lord ROSEBURY assert that it did not penetrate the Foreign Office, and had nothing to do with the closing of the safety-valve?

The PRIME MINISTER was greatly helped on Tuesday by the fact that Lord SALISBURY's Bill does undoubtedly deal with two different subjects. It is to be presumed that they were combined at least partly in the hope of proving that the object is to remove foreign Anarchists because they are dangerous, and not because they are political offenders. But the joining of the case of the Anarchist with that of the merely pauper or diseased immigrant did help the Ministry to confuse the question. This latter case is much the less clear of the two. Some pretty examples were given in the course of the debate of the widely different results which may be arrived at by the use of figures. When they are official they prove one thing. When they have been officially sweated—the inelegant but expressive word is Lord ROSEBURY's—they prove another. The impartial reader will surely be brought to, if he is not rather confirmed in, the opinion that official statistics prove next to nothing except the existence of a statistical department in which there is a cheerful appearance of work going on. When they are published raw they are worthless, because the value of the items is unknown. When they are "sweated," it is highly credible that they are also cooked—not consciously, of course, but because the cook must needs contribute something of his own skill to the *fondue*. On the whole, it does seem that we are not just at present being flooded by unwholesome paupers to quite the extent we were. Lord ROSEBURY would have made a legitimate point enough if he had confined himself to demonstrating this much, but he was in a mood of emotional volubility, and he wandered into mere nonsense when he talked of the danger of legislation for the purpose of limiting pauper immigration, because it might provoke the United States to reprisals. The States have not waited for any example to legislate already. It was the more awkward for Lord ROSEBURY to mount the high horse on this subject because he had formerly advocated legislation of this kind himself, as Lord SALISBURY was able to prove to him. Indeed, he avowed his willingness on Tuesday to undertake it if the occasion arose in future. That it may will be disputed by nobody who knows enough of the subject to be aware that the charity

of the Jewish community in London is taxed most severely, and would probably break down under another influx from Russia, and that emigration to the United States has received a most undoubted check. The presence of swarms of foreigners competing in English markets would soon alter the tone of Lord ROSEBURY. At present the percentage of aliens working here is small as compared to the proportion in France, as the PRIME MINISTER triumphantly pointed out. He did not add anything as to what a long series of riots in Marseilles, Lyons, Grenoble, Aigues Mortes, and half a dozen other places prove as to the consequences of the presence of numerous foreign workmen in France. The English friends of the workingman who have lately been telling the negro that he must expect no sympathy when he is lynched, if he is so debased as to be a "blackleg," would be perfectly ready to excuse a repetition of the Aigues Mortes massacre here.

The other branch of Lord SALISBURY's Bill, that which deals with the foreign Anarchist, is free from all doubt. If HER MAJESTY'S Ministers deny it, they will perhaps be good enough to explain on what ground they authorized the raid on the Autonomie Club. As Lord HALSBURY reminded them, it was treated in a fashion which was inexcusable unless a foreign Anarchist is considered as a dangerous beast. The members of the Club were accused of nothing, and yet they were treated in a fashion which would not be tolerated in the case of any other class of persons. We shall not be suspected of thinking that the Autonomie Club deserved to be tenderly handled. Our object is to insist that the action of the police on this occasion, which, we presume, was not unauthorized, proves that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers do recognize that a foreign Anarchist is a dangerous animal. It is, therefore, beside the question for Lord ROSEBURY to talk of the difficulty of distinguishing between Anarchists and merely political refugees. He and his colleagues have distinguished already. His reference to KOSSUTH and MAZZINI is little better than silly. The enemy of one particular Government is quite a different man from the enemy of all society—though we are by no means sure that a great deal too much toleration was not extended to MAZZINI. If Lord ROSEBURY will look into Mrs. CARLYLE's Letters, he will find one instance of the way in which that dreamer abused the asylum we afforded him, and the indignation he provoked in his best friends. Ministers are not asked to do anything which they have not in principle done already, but only to allow themselves to be provided with means to do it more effectually. They can raid foreign Anarchist clubs and subject the members to an interrogatory which could not be administered to any other class without creating intense discontent. They are asked to take the power to get rid of these inconvenient guests entirely, and that is all.

In the meantime the French "loi d'exception" has so far made progress that it has been voted urgent, and will be proceeded with daily till it is passed. The vote of urgency was voted by substantial majorities, though not without difficulty and till after heated debate. It must be confessed that in one respect the opponents of the Bill were able to make some very successful points. They have argued with great effect that, if the Government has hitherto failed in its efforts to suppress the Anarchists, the reason is not only because it has not legal power enough, but because of the inefficiency of its instruments. There is no doubt that the French police is less efficient than it was, partly because it has been weakened by the attacks of the Radicals, but not less on account of the division of authority between the Prefecture and the Sûreté, which leads to continual conflicts and rivalries. Indeed, the rule with the French depart-

ments seems to be to give nothing to one another unless they are asked, and to ask for nothing from fear of compromising their dignity. It appears, for instance, that information in possession of the War Office has been withheld from the police. It was not without some justification that one of the Deputies asserted that the anarchy was in the public departments. Neither can it be denied that M. BRISSON and others were able to show that the law will put immense powers into the hands of police magistrates. Incitement to Anarchist outrage might certainly become with management equivalent to our old misprision of treason, from which no man could hope to escape if Mr. Attorney and Mr. Prime Serjeant were instructed to prove him guilty. From the rather unexpected action of M. KAMEL, who was thought likely to support the Bill, but who opposed it, the Royalists seem a little frightened to think of the use which M. CONSTANT, for instance, might make of the Bill. There is, however, nothing to show that the majority of the Chamber has been shaken in the belief that exceptional circumstances require exceptional laws. It has voted the clauses which refer "Anarchist incitements" to the jurisdiction of a police magistrate, and unless it insists on putting a limit of time to the Bill, the Ministry will probably carry its measure unchanged.

MR. JOHN MORLEY AND HIS MASTERS.

AN Irish Secretary's life can scarcely be considered a happy one, as mortals count happiness. There must be seasons when Mr. JOHN MORLEY pines for the peaceful seclusion of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the architectural and artistic interests of the Board of Works and Buildings. The beginning of the week saw him in conflict both with the spiritual and the temporal power. He has a controversy on hand with Bishop O'DWYER, and the periodically renewed disputes with the Nationalist members of the Irish Lands Act Committee came to a head on Monday, when Mr. MORLEY broke up the sitting of the Committee, somewhat after the fashion of HENRY VIII. at Blackfriars, or of the President of the French Chamber putting on his hat. Mr. MORLEY's position as the Chairman of the Select Committee appears to have been almost as troubled as that of Mr. MELLOR in Committee of the whole House. His Nationalist friends seem to take a pleasure in overruling his decisions. Mr. MORLEY has shown more meekness and forbearance than the crushed worm, which, as naturalists inform us, will turn when it is first trodden on. Mr. MORLEY did not turn until he had been trodden on three times. In the course of his examination Mr. Justice BEWLEY referred to a letter which he had received from Lord Justice FITZGIBBON, which he proposed to read, with the omission of a passage of a personal character; and Mr. MORLEY, to whom, as Chairman of the Committee, the letter was submitted, decided that the passage in question was evidently not intended for publication, and ought not to be read. But the Irish members do not want expurgated editions. The passage which it was proposed to omit interested them apparently more than anything else in the letter. If it ought not to be read, so much the more reason for reading it. No one contends, of course, that the Irish members are bound to vote with Mr. JOHN MORLEY on matters affecting the substance of the inquiry in which they are engaged. But this was a question of accepting his judgment as to the propriety of making public a personal reference in a letter, which he, having seen it, thought ought not to be read, and which they, not having seen it, insisted on having read. To overrule him in such a matter was an act of grave personal discourtesy, and, if it was more

than the expression of a prurient curiosity, implied an entire want of confidence in his fairness and judgment. The dispute, however, is settled. The Irish members have expressed their trust in Mr. MORLEY, and he has resumed the chair. We may congratulate Mr. MORLEY on having learned something as to the respect and reticence due to private and personal communications. When the PARNELL Commission was constituted, he read aloud in the House of Commons a private letter which he had received, denouncing Mr. Justice DAY as an intolerant religious fanatic, whose impartiality could not be trusted.

In the meantime, as we have said, Mr. MORLEY has a difficulty with a Bishop on his hands. Bishop O'DWYER, whose name is honourably known for the courage with which, alone among Irish prelates, he denounced boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, is aggrieved by the working of the intermediate educational system in Ireland, which, under the form of interrogation, which is sometimes the most emphatic mode of assertion, he attributes to Mr. MORLEY's sinister bias on ecclesiastical questions. Who, he asked, was responsible for the mischief of which he complained? "Was it a *doctrinaire* CHIEF SECRETARY "who used his position to the prejudice of the Catholic Church, which he detested?" This, we venture to suggest, is a rather uncharitable imputation on the part of Dr. O'DWYER. There is nothing of which Mr. JOHN MORLEY can be less justly accused than of obstinate adherence to his convictions. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not more accommodating. It is true there is a difference of manner. While Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT proceeds by the way of open barter, Mr. MORLEY suffers violence and is taken by storm. The one is coy, the other kind; but the result is the same. Nor is it, we think, fair to speak of Mr. MORLEY as detesting the Catholic Church. He has, indeed, sometimes written of it in the spirit of VOLTAIRE and the Encyclopædists. But, among Churches, he, like COMTE and his disciples, rather prefers it. It appeals to his emotional and historic sense. He respects it as a pageant and a power. The real force of Bishop O'DWYER's criticism lies in the word *doctrinaire*. A *doctrinaire*, as we understand it, is a man who judges particular questions and men by general notions, which may only fit them very loosely or not at all, and which may sometimes take up the qualities that are not essential, and neglect those that are. He is a man who thinks in species and genera, and lacks intuitive individual apprehension, who deals in Committee with Mr. HEALY, Mr. SEXTON, and their comrades, not as Mr. HEALY, Mr. SEXTON, &c., not even as Irishmen, but as men in general, the abstract ideas of Committee-men. Hence he does not rule, but is overruled. He will make it up, we hope, with Bishop O'DWYER, as he has done with Mr. HEALY. "Give me thy hand, terrestrial, so; give me thy hand, celestial, so."

THE COAL CONCILIATION BOARD.

IT is certainly better that the Conciliation Board should have come to any arrangement than that there should be a renewal of the ruinous strife of last year. So far there will be universal satisfaction that the negotiations which have been in progress for some time were ended by the settlement formally accepted last Thursday, at a meeting in St. Martin's Town Hall. It is also very satisfactory that the representatives of either side should have parted with mutual compliments, and that the spokesmen of the miners, both on the Board and in the press, should be heard acknowledging that the owners have shown themselves reasonable and conciliatory. This is a change of tone which is

very distinctly for the better. The peaceful end to so much discussion is the more acceptable because it affords such a curious contrast to the captious attitude of the delegates of the men up to the last moment, and because it was very doubtful whether the Miners' Federation could be induced to submit to any reduction in wages. Perhaps the spectacle of the strike in Scotland may have had some effect. The miners there are engaged in what appears to be a hopeless attempt to keep up the rate of wages in spite of a fall in prices. There is no sign that the owners will or can yield, and it is reported that the Ayrshire miners are threatening to go back to work if their strike pay is not doubled. They are going, in fact, to strike against the strike.

The terms of the arrangement are that there is to be a reduction of 10 per cent. in the current rate of wages, to last till the 1st January, 1896. Between that date and the 1st August of the same year the Board of Conciliation is to fix a rate of wages not less than 30 per cent. over the standard of 1888, nor more than 45 per cent. beyond it. The partisans of the Federation are endeavouring very hard to prove that they have saved their great principle of the minimum wage, and their other great principle that wages are to regulate prices. If all they mean is, that the minimum wage is to be something far below the current rate, and that the men are to be satisfied until it is reached by reductions in pay, they are right; but we doubt whether they would excite much enthusiasm by explaining their meaning to the members of the Miners' Federation. Nothing is more certain than that there is a minimum wage in the shape of the lowest sum for which men can be induced to work, and that it fixes prices in so far that the capitalist must charge as much as will enable him to pay it. But this is not what the miners were made to understand by these fine phrases. They were made to believe that there was to be no reduction in the current rate, which was to be fixed as the "living wage," and that the capitalist could be compelled to sell at a price which enabled him to pay it. When now they are called upon to accept a reduction of ten per cent.—that is to say, only seven less than they were asked to submit to last year—it is not to be wondered at that some of them threaten to become restive, and show a visible impatience with the ingenious *distinguo* of their instructors and leaders. They are likely to be in the worse humour because they have discovered that the mine-owner who is not allowed to economize on wages is frequently compelled to close his mine altogether. The number of men out of work is considerable, and at recent meetings of the Federation there have been complaints that a high nominal rate of wages is not worth having unless employment is also secure. It is in this that the danger to the permanence of the arrangement lies. If business is brisk and prices are good for the next two years, there will probably be no difficulty; but if these conditions fail, some at least of the mine-owners may be compelled to close the mines. It is one thing to fix a rate of wages and quite another to secure a supply of work at that rate. In case a restriction of business takes place, the leaders of the Federation will be in a very difficult position towards their followers. Their honest course would be to confess themselves mistaken, and advise the men to make the best bargain they can. It is more probable that they will begin an agitation to save their credit.

THE KEATS MEMORIAL.

THE parish church of Hampstead was the scene of an interesting ceremony on Monday, when a bust of Keats, the work of Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, was unveiled by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The fact that this monument to an English poet is the gift of American "admirers,"

to adopt the testimonial tone of the speakers on the occasion, is not without significance. But there is no reason why Englishmen should assume a "foolish face of praise," or express any abashed surprise, because what was suggested seventy years ago by Joseph Severn should have been delayed until now, and carried out by Americans, and not by the poet's countrymen. Now that the gift has been accepted, we have the right to regard the American memorial to Keats as an English memorial. The spirit of good will and sympathy which moved the late Mr. Lowell in the first instance, and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Parsons, Mr. Aldrich, and other American men of letters since, to promote what is the first memorial of Keats in the poet's native land, is heartily reciprocated, we are sure, by English people generally. The abstract question of the propriety or the necessity—since some take that view—of what Mr. Sidney Colvin termed "these visible and tangible monuments of the illustrious dead" is a subject upon which men are, and ever will be, divided. Poets, of all men who achieve renown, are least in need of monuments. There is a kind of poet, however, who might be so honoured. There is Mason, for instance; and Mason has his masonry. But no English poet of the century is more independent of this form of recognition than Keats. Of none can it be said with juster confidence that not brass, nor marble, can outlive his powerful rhyme. It may be that those who would scatter a poet's image, in bronze or marble, through the land are in full agreement on this point, only in them the almost universal sentiment which delights in monumental tributes to genius is peculiarly active. It must be owned, on the other hand, that experience and example in the past go far in strengthening the fear of the fastidious lest the practice of this natural sentiment should be carried too far. Such memorials as we possess of other poets, the contemporaries of Keats, are not such as fill the artistic soul with joy. The fate of Shelley, indeed, is fortunate, but Mr. Onslow Ford's memorial of this poet is exceptional in all respects, and an exception not less solitary than great. The disgust inspired by the ridiculous ineptitude of the statue to Byron in the gardens of Hamilton Place is more than enough to fortify the antagonism of those who regard memorials to poets as superfluous. We may concede so much without the least desire to assume so austere an attitude towards the subject.

With respect to the Hampstead memorial of Keats there can be no question but that both the place and occasion were in happy accord. Miss Whitney's bust is a work of considerable merit, and it has found the most appropriate shrine that could have been selected. We are not with those who ask why there should not have been room in Westminster Abbey for this memorial. Rather do we rejoice that no attempt was made to secure for it a place among the incongruous memorials of that overcrowded minster. By their selection of the parish church of Hampstead, the promoters of the Keats memorial have observed the one great law that should determine such undertakings. They have localized the sentiment. The claims of Hampstead to provide this memorial with local habitation are incomparably greater than could be put forth on behalf of any other place. The association of Keats with Hampstead is of no casual or residential kind. It is peculiarly intimate and of a peculiar constancy. Hampstead was ever in his thought, and at the very last moments of his life his heart was turned thither. Every reader of the late Lord Houghton's admirable memoir of the poet knows that the most pathetic moments of Keats's life and some of the noblest products of his genius are enduringly associated with Hampstead. If, as Mr. Sidney Colvin suggests, the house at Wentworth Place should be secured as a further memorial of the poet, it were not amiss, since what has been done by Wordsworthians for Dove Cottage might well be done for the house in whose garden was written the "Ode to a Nightingale." We trust, however, that, should Mr. Colvin's proposed museum be established, the garden will not suffer by the odd conjunction of poetry and museum, and proper respect, not to speak of proper vigilance, will be shown towards the plum-tree and its adjacent plane. These venerable relics should not be permitted to suffer the fate of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree.

OVER-REGULATION IN THE NAVY.

THE naval manoeuvres are about to begin again, and there will be much talk about them. The great question who is to have the *Octopus* and who the *Behemoth*, and whether it is not a job, burning questions in naval circles, have been discussed. The Admiralty will, if it is weak enough to listen, hear other than good of itself from many critics. In time tactics and strategy will have their turn. It is not our intention to touch on these burning or these high matters. In fact, there are other things in connexion with the navy calling, in our opinion, for attention much more than the questions whether Captain A, who is to have the *Octopus*, is not too young, as some fear (he being rather older than Nelson was when he fought the battle of the Nile), or whether Captain B, who gets the *Behemoth*, is not "an old woman," which is the candid opinion of several. As for tactics and strategy, we propose to leave them "standing on their own basis." Our modest purpose is only to advance certain reasons for being glad that the navy gets practice at all, because as things go it spends too much of its time at book-work. Also, we intend to insist that, of the time which it does not spend in practice, a great deal too much is supposed to be devoted to getting up the contents of an endless shower of instructions, minutes, and what not, poured on it by the Admiralty.

When one remembers the coaling bill, and the strength of the modern mania for making examinations in book-work the test of fitness to do all kinds of work, it is not to be wondered at that the navy gets too little practice. And yet there is great danger in this; a greater, perhaps, for the navy than there would be for the army. The land, said Sir Richard Hawkins, is natural to man, and the sea to fishes. A stout heart, a clear head, and a taste for sport will go far to qualify an army officer to fight effectually on the natural human element. Only long familiarity, early begun, can give any man who has to serve on the sea that instinctive knowledge of what to do, that confidence in himself, which make a seaman, whether he be officer or A.B. It is the opinion of many—indeed, we will go so far as to say of all—of the most competent judges that the opportunity is not given to our sailors in the navy, whether they are officers or men, to acquire this second nature to nearly the necessary extent. Moreover, the tendency is to give them less and less. When a stir was caused by the unexpected return of H.M.S. *Resolution* from the Bay of Biscay, a good deal was heard of inexperience in her officers, which ought to have surprised some people. The thing is not whether the statements made were true, but that they should be made at all. It is little less than farcical that the captain, commander, first and navigating lieutenants of a battle-ship should be so "inexperienced" as not to be aware of the necessity of taking ordinary precautions. And yet this was calmly said, as if it was a kind of self-evident proposition calling for no particular remark, and by people who were not consciously sneering at Her Majesty's sea-service. It seems impossible that such things can be, for the "Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions," p. 58, Chapter VI., Qualifications and Promotion, Section 1, *Qualifications* (the italics are vital), Articles 226 to 238, give most elaborate directions as to the amount of "sea-service in a man-of-war at sea" which must be put in by the officer who would qualify for the rank of captain. The minimum is eleven years, and in that time a gentleman might learn to make the ordinary "book moves."

And yet, to say nothing of the fact that something more than a knowledge of the book moves is required, it is quite possible that these years of sea-service should be very far from what they appear to be from the definition on paper. The mystery becomes clear when once the proposition that a man-of-war at sea is a term of art is fairly grasped. It means a vessel belonging to a squadron which is supposed to be ready to go to sea at all times. The period which she absolutely spends at sea may be decidedly the smaller part of a year. This is particularly the case with the big ships to which midshipmen are generally sent to be under the eye of the instructor, whose business it is to keep them at work "chasing X." Thus a young gentleman's four years of sea-service in a man-of-war at sea required to qualify him for the rank of sub-lieutenant may well interpret themselves into eighteen or twenty months at sea and over two years in harbour. Whether at anchor or under way, he passes part of his time in school-work. Having

completed his time as midshipman, and being about qualifying for a lieutenant's commission, he spends one year and three months in school at Portsmouth and Greenwich. As it is supposed to take eight years to reach the rank of lieutenant in the case of a smart youngster who comes out of the *Britannia* with a year's time, it is easy to see how it is possible to rise to that position with astonishingly few opportunities of acquiring real seamanlike experience. Of the total eight years, two are spent in the *Britannia*, and as good as two in school at Portsmouth and Greenwich; while the other four may be passed in vessels which are at sea, for what remains of the year after deducting 280 days spent in harbour. It is a fact that many young officers do not during those years in which "the seaman" must be formed know what it is to be fourteen days together at sea.

We have taken the case of the smart boy at the *Britannia* because he is the ruling type. To be good at your book is what gets a man on. "Promotion marks," when there are enough of them, give promotion at once. At all times they hasten it. The lieutenant knows that to qualify for this and the other, to go through courses—always on shore—is what helps. Moreover, there is every motive to seek employment in the big vessels, which do the least sea-work: for it is notorious that the best chances of rising come in the way of the man who serves in a battle-ship under the eye of a captain who may become a Junior Lord, or will at least be listened to at the Admiralty. There is no question of jobbery or unfairness here. An officer can only recommend for promotion those whom he knows. The complaint is, that he knows them under conditions which make real seamanlike training as good as impossible. And what is true of the officers is true of the men. A return showing what proportion of a blue-jacket's time is spent in harbour or at school, and what at sea, would show some startling results.

We quite foresee the kind of answer which may be made to what we say. The persons who write in magazines over highly nautical pen names to tell us how necessary it is that the naval officer should be a little Fra Paolo Sarpi of scientific omniscience, will be ready with their usual common-places. Yet a seaman is a man who does his work on the sea under conditions so remote from those of ordinary life that it is only by beginning soon and by long habit that he can be at ease in them to use his faculties to the best purpose, and find his wits about him when he needs them. We are perfectly prepared to submit the case, not to the old admirals who are praisers of past times, but to the zealous young officers who are rising by the means imposed on them from above. The eagerness with which they seize on every opportunity afforded by the yearly manoeuvres, to see even a glimpse of the real work of their profession, is sufficient proof of what they think.

A time which judges the seafaring and fighting-man by book-work is naturally lavish of "instructions." They are being carried to an amazing height in our navy. The days when the admiral was merely told to keep his fleet, and the captain his ship, in proper order, which were the times of war and work, are well over. The Duke of York's orders were a pamphlet. The *Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions* is a volume of over a thousand pages, from which one might pick some particularly good examples of *chinoiserie*. Behind it stand successive columns of instructions of a more or less awfully confidential character. Whenever anything happens, out comes another instruction to be added to the mass. The naval advisers of the Admiralty are not primarily responsible for many of them which are issued to quiet some one who is asking questions in the House of Commons. It will be remembered that a special circular was issued after the *Victoria* collision, as if there was anything to tell officers except not to get into collision which they are plentifully instructed not to do already. But to tell an officer what to do and leave him to decide how to do it by the light of proper professional knowledge, which is the way to form self-reliant men with alert brains, is not the object of a modern Government office living in terror of questions. On the contrary, the aim is apparently to have an instruction for everything, so that the officer may have something to appeal to for the purpose of showing that it is not to blame. Of course, these things are subject to continual modifications and amendments of the modifications, till it has become a commonplace that no officer can know all the printed instructions by which he is supposed to act. All this we allow is mainly the canker of

a long peace, but it is a bad preparation for war, which of all human conditions most calls for self-reliance. It is a very awkward sign that from some quarters in the navy itself there have been heard requests for some modern version of the pestilent old Fighting Instructions which did such infinite mischief in the last century. It is so convenient for some men to have a nice book of arithmetic to save them the trouble of thinking and the responsibility of acting for themselves. On the other hand, the best such helps allow a man to become is some Vinegar Parker, in whom practical seamanship was combined with a plentiful lack of brains. Now, as we have seen, the practical seamanship is harder to get than it was, and if the withering of the brains is to be added, the navy is like to find itself on a road on which no amount of general scientific information will save it from disaster.

MONEY MATTERS.

UPON the whole the joint-stock banks have done much better during the past six months than was generally expected. The rate of discount has been very low throughout the half-year, and from the beginning it has been tending downwards. Speculation upon the Stock Exchange has been almost absent, and consequently there has been exceedingly little demand for loans. It has not been easy, therefore, for the banks to employ their money profitably; and the difficulty has increased of late. Following a long-established practice, the banks have not reduced the rates they allow on deposits below 1 per cent. But for a considerable time past the rate of discount in the open market has been under $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.—often has not been better than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—while short loans have been lent for a day or so below $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and sometimes as low as $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Naturally it was argued that, since the banks were paying 1 per cent. on deposits, they must be losing on their discounts and their loans to the bill-brokers. But it should be recollected that the banks hold large sums on which they pay nothing. For instance, all the current accounts are held without interest. It seems clear, therefore, that the banks have not lost anything like as much as was generally supposed. Furthermore, when the banks obtain large amounts of deposits at 1 per cent., there is a handsome profit on buying sound securities that yield from 2½ per cent. upwards. Probably a large part of the dividend has been earned by investment rather than by employment in loans and discounts. The London and Westminster declared a dividend for the first half of the year at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, whereas it paid 12 per cent. this time twelve months, and the City pays now only 9 per cent. against 10 per cent. a year ago. The Union and the Joint Stock, on the other hand, maintain the same rate as last year, 10 per cent.; the Consolidated maintains its rate, 9 per cent.; so does the London and South-Western, and so does the Union Discount Company; but the National Discount Company pays only 11 per cent., against 12 per cent. last year. Thus, out of eight Metropolitan banks and Discount Companies, three pay 1 per cent. per annum less than a year ago, and five maintain the same rate, which is certainly better than the circumstances led most people to anticipate. If, however, we carry back the comparison to the first half of 1890, when trade was very active and there was a wild speculation, we see how much business the banks must have lost, or, rather, how unprofitably they are working now compared with four years ago. Thus, for the first half of 1890 the London and Westminster paid 18 per cent., and it now pays only 11 per cent. This shows a reduction in the rate of dividend of almost 39 per cent. The Union of London paid 14½ per cent. in 1890, and only pays 10 per cent. now. The Joint Stock paid 12½ per cent., and now pays only 10 per cent. The City paid 11 per cent., against 9 per cent. at present. And the National Discount Company paid 12 per cent., against 11 per cent. now. The Consolidated and the Union Discount Company pay the same rates now as then—10 per cent. and 9 per cent. respectively—while the London and South-Western actually pays 9 per cent. now, against only 8 per cent. four years ago. Thus, of the eight banks and discount Companies, five pay much smaller dividends than four years ago, two pay the same, and only one pays a higher dividend. In one case the reduction is nearly 40 per cent., in another case it is nearly 30 per

cent., and in a third case it is 20 per cent. If we go still farther back, and take the first half of 1884, and compare it with the first half of 1894, we find that the tendency to lower dividends has been going on during the whole ten years. Only the London and Westminster paid in 1884 the same rate of 18 per cent. as in 1890. Furthermore, if we extend our comparison to the country banks, we find that they have maintained their ground very much better than the London banks. In London competition is growing keener and keener every year. This is shown in many ways. It has been said, and apparently with truth, that it would be utterly impossible now to found a new London bank, no matter how large the capital or how great the skill of the founders. The private banks are rapidly dying out. Those which remain have either converted themselves into Limited Liability Companies with the same old partners, or they have begun to publish regular balance-sheets. Lastly, the large country banks are buying up small London banks, and thereby getting admission to the London Clearing House and increasing the keenness of the already keen competition. The result is that it is impossible to maintain rates by any combination or management; everything is cut down to the finest degree possible. The country banks, on the contrary, still work according to old-established customs. They charge much higher rates than their London compeers, and they do not depend so much upon purely financial business; they rest, that is to say, upon the great trades of the country. But, as the leading country banks have now got admission to London, and as their example is certain to be followed, the time cannot be far distant when London methods of doing business will react upon the country. When a bank with numerous country branches is also doing business in London, London principles and London competition will make themselves felt. Nor must it be forgotten that the movement which is leading so many country banks to buy up London banks is likewise leading the great country banks to amalgamate with and buy up country branches in various directions. The number of banks is being reduced, the number of powerful banks is being increased, and in this way the keenness of competition in the country districts is almost certain to increase in the early future. Up to the present, however, the country banks have not been nearly so much affected as the London banks; and the London banks, which are almost purely metropolitan, have been more affected than those which have large suburban connexions—the fewer the branches, that is to say, the more thoroughly metropolitan the bank is, the more its dividend has been reduced.

An attempt is being made to raise the rate of discount in the open market by the principal joint-stock banks, and they have succeeded so far in raising the quotation for three-months bank bills to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Possibly they may be able to prevent a further fall; but it is quite clear that rates must continue low for a considerable time yet. The argument of bankers is that rates have been unduly depressed, that the holiday season is now beginning and will take a good deal of money from London, that there is a growing demand for gold for the Continent, that the shipments of the metal from New York and Bombay are almost at an end, and that with the autumn we may expect a strong demand for gold for New York. There is a certain amount of force in this contention, but it is more specious than convincing. The truth is that there is universal distrust, and while that continues, money must remain in over-supply, because nobody will venture upon new enterprises; unless, indeed, the distrust deepens, when the banks may refuse to lend and discount altogether or to a large extent. Assuming, however, that there is no scare, which means that nothing very untoward, either political or financial, occurs abroad, then it is certain that the supply of money must continue over-abundant for a considerable time to come.

The India Council has again been successful in the disposal of its drafts this week. On Wednesday it offered for tender 40 lakhs, and the applications were five times as much. The bills were allotted at a minimum of 1s. 0½d. per rupee, and the telegraphic transfers at a minimum of 1s. 0¾d. per rupee. Subsequently a very small sale by special contract was effected; but the fact that so little was bought by special contract proves that the great applications at tender were exaggerated, that there was not really so much demand as the magnitude of the applications would seem to imply. The silver market is fluctuating about 28½d.

per ounce. At about 28½d. per ounce there is a good demand for India, but the demand ceases as soon as the price rises to about 28½d. There is a fair demand likewise for China, where trade appears to be exceedingly active.

The Stock Exchange remains as stagnant as ever, and is likely to continue so throughout the summer. It is true that the strikes in the United States are practically at an end; but the economic condition of that country is deplorable. Visitors from America now in London say that never in their recollection has business been so bad; that north, south, east, and west there is an utter paralysis of trade; and that in every department there is discouragement and distrust. It will evidently take a considerable time yet before any recovery from the crisis of last year can occur. The Treasury reserve is dangerously low, yet nothing is done to replenish it. All over South America, likewise, there is great depression. The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres, it is true, is considerably lower than it was a few weeks ago; but that is due merely to the fact that the Government has not now to remit money to London. In Brazil the state of siege is to be continued for a couple of months. And the condition of Chili is reported to be very bad. In India trade is depressed; and, though it seems certain that the conversion of Rupee-paper will be fairly successful, there are fears that holders in Europe will sell largely as soon as the conversion is completed, and that that will tell adversely upon the Council's sales of drafts. Nothing fresh has happened either in Australia or New Zealand; but all the reports are that the depression is intense, that most of the reconstructed banks are doing nothing, and that the farming classes are suffering heavy losses. The negotiations between the representatives of the bondholders and the Greek Government have broken down. Apparently M. Tricoupi is not serious in his professed desire to come to a settlement, and it is expected that both France and Germany will adopt energetic measures to bring him to a sense of his responsibility. In Italy there are fears that the Bank of Italy will be unable to pay a dividend, and evidently the crisis is deepening. In Spain matters are growing worse likewise. Everywhere, then, there are causes of apprehension; and, that being so, it is natural that the investing public should hold aloof from the stock markets. Sound British securities are exceedingly high, and foreign securities of every description are discredited.

The railway dividends so far are satisfactory. The London and Brighton pays the same rate as last year, but its surplus profits are about 30,000l. less. The South-Eastern likewise pays the same rate; and although the Sheffield distributes no dividend, it has a larger profit balance. The Great Eastern announces a dividend at the rate of 1 per cent., against ¾ per cent. twelve months ago.

Home Government securities have not changed much during the week, being very steady; but there has been a further advance in Colonial. Canadian Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 104½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at 105½, a rise of ½; and Queensland Three and a Half closed at 94½, a rise of ½. There has been a very general and considerable rise in Home Railway stocks. Thus, in consequence of the good dividend announcement, Great Eastern closed on Thursday at 80½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2½; Great Western closed at 165½, a rise of 1½; Midland closed at 159½, a rise of 1; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 171, also a rise of 1; Brighton "A" closed at 156½, a rise of 1½; South-Eastern "A" closed at 80½, likewise a rise of 1½; Caledonian Undivided closed at 128½, a rise of 1½. In the American market the purely speculative shares, which investors should not touch, have fallen further. Thus Atchison closed on Thursday at 4½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; and Union Pacific shares closed at 10½, a fall of ½. But the dividend-paying shares are higher. Illinois Central closed at 93, a rise of ½; New York Central closed at 100, a rise of 1; and Lake Shore closed at 132½, a rise of 1½. In the inter-Bourse department there has also been some advance. Thus French Rentes closed on Thursday at 100½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; and Hungarian Fours closed at 98, a rise of 1.

ETON v. HARROW.

THE "Boys' Match" of 1894 had an unpleasant family likeness to that of 1890. Friday of last week was about as bad a day, until late in the afternoon, as an English summer can produce, and Lord's was swept by continuous heavy storms. The wary remained at their Clubs until their minds were relieved by the inevitable "no play to-day" being announced, but boyish enthusiasts and their friends mustered in considerable numbers to a scene of umbrellas, waterproofs, and wretchedness. Nowadays the area of the Great Picnic has been much enlarged. Besides the covered court, which formerly protected those who wished to give luncheons in Belgravian splendour, huge tents have been also pitched, and the nursery ground is hardly sufficient for these dispensers of hospitality. Invitations to these luncheons have all the sanctity of those to a dinner-party, and hence many who would gladly have escaped the chances of rheumatism and the certainty of a wasted afternoon felt bound to appear. The letting of some 150 tables must be a profitable item in the Club returns, but it seems idle to point out to the Committee that the M.C.C. is a Club after all, and that members should have decent food and drink at something approaching to ordinary Club prices. What they do get, and what they pay, every member knows to his cost.

Friday being a blank day, play was begun with laudable punctuality at 10.30 on Saturday. Rain in the night would probably have put a stop to the match; but the day opened brightly, and the wicket dried to a great extent. Harrow won the toss, and took the innings, Vibart and Crawley going to the wickets, and C. C. Pilkington and Cunliffe bowling for Eton. The ground, of course, played slow, a fact which in itself robbed the game of a great deal of interest, for the charm of a boys' match lies in its spirit and dash—one does not expect them to play like Bannerman or like Fry in the last University match. Ten runs only from the bat were scored in the first half-hour, but at 22 Crawley, who had previously had a reprieve, was caught at mid-on, for a score of 11. Stogdon introduced a livelier state of things, but his career ought also to have terminated at an early date. The total was 50 when Vibart was bowled by Cunliffe; he had been batting an hour and a quarter for 13 runs. Fisher did nothing, but Gore put on 18 runs in about twenty minutes. Stogdon's was the sixth wicket down at 83, and by far the best innings of his side. His score of 32 would have been twice the number on a fast wicket, and his style was very good. The ninth wicket fell for 107, and then the old, old story in this match was repeated—namely, the last Harrow batsmen playing vigorously, and putting on no less than 22 runs. The innings closed for 129 runs, not in itself a large total, but the state of the ground must be taken into consideration. The feature of the innings was certainly Cunliffe's bowling. He has a left-hand delivery, and can vary his pace and break; he bowled throughout the innings, and his forty overs, of which half were maidens, cost only 54 runs, while he could claim seven wickets. C. C. Pilkington also bowled well, though not so successfully as against Winchester, for here he only took one wicket. Although three mistakes at least were made in the field, the Eton fielding was good, and the returns smart. The wicket-keeper, Baird, shows good promise, but he is not quite neat in handling the ball. In one sense he never misses a chance, for he asks everything, and in old times a storm of chaff would have been evoked by his fruitless appeals to the umpire.

After an early lunch Eton went to the wickets, at 2.15, to the bowling of Bradshaw and Williams. Disasters began in Bradshaw's second over. Bulloch, the Harrow captain, gave evidence of his smartness behind the wicket by catching Gosling, and Bromley-Martin, the Eton captain, fell to Stogdon in the slips. Two wickets for 2. C. C. Pilkington began in good style, but lost Chinnery, who had made 7, at 23. Lubbock next came in; but Pilkington did all the hitting, and raised the score to 43, when he also fell a victim to Bulloch. Hollins was the next man; but, in attempting to run a hazardous fourth run, he was thrown out by Stogdon—a magnificent return. Five for 56. Cunliffe and Lubbock together played a very slow game. Five bowlers tried their hands; but the score was carried to 97 when Lubbock was caught at point. He had been in for an hour and a half for 15 runs, though 74 runs had been made in the time—an example of patience not often seen in a school match. Kettlewell was caught in the long field by Page,

and Cunliffe was Bulloch's third victim for an excellently played 32. His was the ninth wicket for 106. Eton then showed that they could take a leaf out of their rivals' book, for, with the last men in, more vigorous play was instituted. Mitchell hit 11 runs in one over off Bradshaw, and the score crept up apace. When within two of the Harrow score, however, Mitchell put up a ball which was taken in the slips, and the innings closed for 127, Baird being not out with 5. Fisher's two wickets cost only 13 runs, but Bradshaw and Williams were most relied on. The former was fast, and his delivery seemed rather to intimidate the batsmen. Williams pitched his balls very high, and tried, not very successfully, to vary his break. He seemed to invite hitting, but for the most part was played very cautiously. This seems to be the tactics of the present day; but we question if a bolder policy would not have answered better, and probably a determined hitter with a good eye would soon cause Mr. Williams's removal. If the Eton fielding was good, that of Harrow was better. They were admirably placed, and the hardest hits were picked up and returned with great precision. Scarcely a mistake was made. Bulloch was an excellent wicket-keeper—better than Baird—and very neat and quick in his action. Hitherto the two elevens had shown themselves almost exactly equal; but all were unprepared for what followed. With about an hour and a half for play, Harrow began their second innings, and there is not much to be said about it. Stogdon again was the one who showed to the front, making the top score of 19—indeed, the only double figure of the innings. The rest showed no ability to stand up against the bowling of Cunliffe and C. C. Pilkington, who were unchanged through the innings. This closed just before 7 p.m. at 80 runs, of which only 59 were made off the bat—a poor total, in spite of a dubious light and a dead ground. Cunliffe took six wickets for 40 runs, and C. C. Pilkington four for 19. About the extras something ought to be said. In the two innings of Harrow Eton gave no less than 39 extras; off the bat in the first innings Harrow made 111 runs, Eton 116; in the second innings of Harrow, out of a total of 80, Eton gave 21 extras. Cunliffe altogether bowled 10 no-balls, which may partly be accounted for by the slippery ground; but we believe that he has been addicted to this fault on other occasions. It is one which ought to be severely struggled against.

Reviewing the whole match, we see all the more reason to regret the state of the weather. As the game stood at the close of play, it seems almost certain that Eton would have won, for they must have begun their innings next morning (had there been another day), presumably upon a drier wicket. But regarding the play of the two elevens, especially in the first innings, the sides seemed very fairly equal. C. C. Pilkington and Cunliffe for Eton were far the best both with the ball and with the bat, and Mitchell should also prove a useful man. For Harrow, Stogdon's batting was the most successful, though he was supported in the first innings by Vibart, Crawley, Gore, and Bradshaw. Special mention should be made of Symes-Thompson's fielding, and that of Chinnery, the Eton cover-point. Altogether, both elevens seemed above the average from these schools, and a match between them in dry weather would probably have produced not only good cricket, but an interesting and exciting finish.

MACARONICS.

THE uprise of the Macaronic style of hard-labour in joking is often supposed to have taken its time from the downfalling of pure Latin among the learned herd. When Latin could no longer be spoken "at home," or to the man in the street, schoolboys and students spoke it "on compulsion, never!" The vulgar tongue—to deal with Italy, where macaroni and its kin had concoction—containing its full share of transmogrified Latin, was getting the majority, and crowding out the pure tongue, which had already long been dead but for artificial culture in the schools. That was, perhaps, how the Mantuan Bassano was brought to publish his *Macherona nova* before 1448 (when he died), and the thing would have been done earlier had printing been much earlier practised as a general craft. But this theory requires modification, and shall have it lower. And as for speaking Latin, the discussions about that are older than Festus, who passed on the remark that "Latine

loqui" was said because of Latium, "whose speech is now so changed that scarce any portion of it remains in our knowledge." Wherein, perhaps, Festus was sweeping with too new a broom.

In 1530 the University of Paris was still punishing the speaking of the vulgar tongue as a grave fault in a scholar, and the consequence was a dog-Latin of which Mathurin Cordier has sent us down some scraps:—"Noli crachare super me. Ego transibo me de te. Diabolus te possit inferre." The alternative was, of course, what Eachard called "three hundred rumbler's out of Homer before breakfast." But the schoolmaster was all abroad as well as the scholars. When Louis XV. entered Troyes in 1744 a triumphal arch proclaimed that the King "urbem presentia sua beare dignatus est," which a country dominie translated for the crowd as, "He presented himself at the barrier, and dined."

Teofilo Folengo, perhaps the most in fame (not to print it *infame*) of all the Macaronic torturers, explained in 1517, under the alias of Merlin Cook, the name of his art—"ars ista poetica macaronica"—as being derived from "Macaroni [plural form], a certain pulmentum of flour, cheese, and butter, compaginated roughly, rudely, and rustically; thus, Macaronics should contain none but gross, rude, and low expressions [vocalulazzos], for we should herein eschew the style of the eclogue as cautiously as that of the elegy or the heroic gest":—

Jam nec Melpomene, Clio, nec magna Thalia,
Nec Phœbus grattando lyram, mihi carmina dicent.

Then, as to the fountain of his Helicon, its rim is only of the "best Dorset":—

Omnia de fresco sunt littora facta botiro;

and the pots and pans in which he compounds his olio:—

buliunt semper caldaria centum,
Plena casoncellis, macaronibus, atque foiadis;

and as to the quickeners of his inspiration:—

Stant ipsæ Musæ super altum montis acumen
Formaium gratulis durum retridando foratis.

He may range no higher than this kitchen-saucepot, and a dozen lines lower it is the same *menu* over again:—

A centum buliunt caldaria fixa cadenis,
Ergo macaronicas illic actavimus artes,
Et me grassiloquum Vatem statuere sorores.
Misterum facit hinc vostrum clamemus aiutum,
Ac mea pinguiferis panza est implenda lasagnis.

Perhaps the next earliest modern connexion of the "omnium gatherum" of the macaroni cook with the hybrid productions of these burlesquers was in the *Macheronea* of Tisi Odassi, of Padua, a satire upon his townspeople towards the end of the fifteenth century. One of his staves starts with:—

Est unus in Padua natus speciale cuginus
In macheronea princeps bonus atque magister.

Et quicquid vendit, nihil est, mihi credite, bonum.

Quite so. It does not sound safe even to say, in unaffected language, that if all this be funny, we'll eat it. The pot-luck is too full of bode. And the very last thing one would say of it is what Bartolo Bollo said of the art in 1604:—

Hanc cum primo spectavi
De troppo rider quasi crepavi.

But then Bollo was also wont to describe himself as "vir ad risum natus," and, like the Jack Pudding he must have been, printed on his title-pages that his own similar squeezes "faciunt crepare lectores et saltare capras ob nimium risum." Better is even the dull honesty of the old maxim:—

Beerum si sit clerum est sincerum;
Alum si sit stalum non est malum;

or such a cure for the toothache as "Prenez les os d'un ciron, la cervelle d'une enclume, le poil d'un œuf, demi-aune de queue de grenouille; et broyez le tout, à jeun, dans un trou de serrure, avec le son d'une cloche de couvent." What a mercy it is that the "learned author" has ceased his funning in this kind, and abandoned it to the professional periodical "comic," upon whom, too, be peace!

But this sort of thing "took," and infinitely, once upon a time; and did not the gifted and ingenious Geddes write

himself down "Jodocus Cocaius, Merlini Cocaii pronepos," at foot of that ode "pindarico-saphico-macaronico in laudem Guglielmi Pitti" ('tis, 'tis true), just a hundred but one years ago? Still lower is this, from one of Stephens's catalogues: "Magnifico smokentissimo custardissimo astrologissimo cunningmanissimo Rabinissimo viro Iacko Adams de Clerkenwell-Greeno hanc lovelissimam sui picturam Hobbeboody pinxit et scratchebat." It would be too precious to come down to Caswell's "Tres fratres who navigabant roundabout Ely, and who omnes drowndiderunt quia swimmere non potuerunt." But future ages will, many of them, be ignorant why Yankee Doodle, when he came to town, a-riding on his pony, stuck a feather in his crown, and called him Macaroni.

To change the venue, that now still rising French poet, Rémy Belleau, who died in 1577, essayed in this style, and trippingly enough, a *Dictamen metrificum de Bello Hugonotico*; and Molière, who filched up and down, tried his hand at it in the *Malade imaginaire*:—

De brancha in brancham degradingolat, atque facit pouf.

Which at once sends one back again to Belleau's picture of Vulcan, "à force de forger devenant forgeron":—

Et resonare facit patatic patataque sonantes Enclumas.

A much bigger pilferer than the said Poquelin—but he never stole his brooms ready-made—Rabelais took the general idea of Panurge direct from (the other monk) Folengo's Cingar, and perhaps some dozen passages up and down in the Italian's *Phantasia* could be pointed to, which must have made Rabelais laugh and shake in that easy chair. Notably the framework—just the mere skeleton—of the famous story of heaving the sheep overboard, which is in Folengo's eleventh book (Venetius, 1564), where also the gleaner may find an origin (an it please him) for the slang word *chisel*, to cheat. Baldus and Leonardus, the companions of Cingar, have long taken the measure of the knave that he is, and are on the look-out for some master-stratagem of his against the sheep-drovers:—

Expectat Baldus fraudem, ridetque Leonardus,
Nam bene squadratat quod erat malus ille ghisellus;

and Folengo carefully glossed it in the margin as "Ghisellus, fraudulentus et barrus"; but the word, which must have been *furbesco*, is not forthcoming in the scanty zergo vocabularies.

Not to be always too hard upon the interminable Folengo, he has a bad joke here and there, such as this on some of the Italian monks of his day:—

Eat deus his venter, broda lex, ius inde vocatur;

and he also leads up to perhaps the oldest philological light yet thrown upon the comic use of the word macaroni in the name of this macaronic writing.

The peasants of the mountains behind Bergamo gorged on chestnuts and *maccus*, he says; and "Maccus est pulmentum ex semola et botiro—contra hydropim, teste Hippocrate," semola being, not *simila*, but bran. This should be the *macco* of the more modern Italian dictionary, a thick bean-soup or polenta (which last is defined as a similar chestnut porridge). If from Bergamo we come down south to the very ancient and vanished Atella, near Naples, we shall find the Maccus, or clown or fool, in the native original Oscan farces or fable-charades, buffooning it cheek by jowl with the Dossenus, or glutton, and the Bucco, or fatchops. All which indicates a far earlier set of double-meanings than is supplied by the literary composition called *Maccheronea*, the farinaceous ditto called *Maccheroni*, and the sense of "lout" also attached to this last. It should (without calling upon the *makaria* of Hesychius) throw back a macaronic style even behind Plautus. Ancient Rome will not be deprived of its slang. The French police are still said, in the argot of this moment, to *cuisiner* a wretched prisoner (otherwise to *remuer la casserole*) for hours at a time, in order to extract some admission out of him; but the Latin *coquo* had ages ago accreted a "tormenting" sense.

OPERA.

WE have purposely abstained thus far from chronicling here the deeds of the German opera season, not only because we have found it difficult at the outset to approach these doings in such spirit of satisfaction as we

should have been really pleased to show, but also because it has seemed to us more interesting to watch the progress of the affair, and to draw our conclusions only after its completion. We are told so often and so persistently that the Wagner Theatre is a special thing—a special art, in fact; which really means that so much special preparation is needed to be able to enjoy a Wagnerian performance, or to understand it at all; one has to forget so much in order to assimilate so much more! The general impression received during the course of the recent German performances at Drury Lane may be summed up in this query, "Why cannot Germans sing in tune?" For, to put it very mildly, the whole German contingent of Sir Augustus Harris has been suffering permanently from what is known as *abbassamento di voce*; and an experience of German theatres extending over a period of years confirms us in the opinion that, as a rule, singing in tune and German singers do not live at the same address, as the French say. Stranger still, the German audiences do not seem to mind sharp or flat singing in the least, and performances which would drive an English audience half crazy with pain and impatience are enjoyed in the Fatherland with the greatest placidity, from Cologne to Königsberg, and from Bremen to Munich, the only vocal defect to which the Teutonic ear seems susceptible at all being *das Tremoliren*—wobbling—but even here an unusual amount of indulgence is shown to Wagnerite singers. It is not to our purpose to discuss now the causes of so strange a phenomenon, though we have a complete answer to our query above given. We state merely a fact, and we wish to know whether there are any valid reasons why wholesale singing out of tune should be encouraged in this country. For it has been encouraged and even patronized during the Drury Lane season, and the culprits here are of two kinds; those who will have their Wagner and will put up with anything as long as they get him—and those who, delighted with a work of art, cannot in their enthusiasm draw a line of demarcation between the beauty of the masterpiece before them and the value of its interpreters. There is not much to choose between the two guilts; but we cannot help protesting here most emphatically against the way in which perfectly competent judges seem to have abdicated all their rights to sane and unprejudiced opinion before a few reputations of their own making; ears and eyes have deliberately refused to exercise their functions, and seldom are artists so beslaved by the press as have been the third-rate singers whom we have had until recently with us at Drury Lane.

It comes to this—if German singers must sing flat or sharp, then they should not come to this country. Only Germans, we are told, are capable of interpreting Wagner. Now this is all nonsense, and just for the sake of documentary evidence let us mention here a few celebrated Wagnerian impersonations universally recognized as such—the Elsa and the Sieglinde of Mme. Caron and Miss Macintyre; the Brünnhilde and Isolde of Mme. Adini; the Eva of Mme. Albani and Mme. Nordica; the Lohengrin and Walter von Holtzing of M. Jean de Reszke; the Parsifal of M. Van Dyck; the Telramund of M. Renaud; the Wotan of M. Delma and M. Devoyod; Henry the Fowler of M. Edouard de Reszke, and so on, and so on. Can German art match these? It is useless also to suppose that Germans alone have a monopoly of singing or conducting Wagner's works; and not a few will be surprised to know that it was an Italian conductor, Mariani, who first established, in the very presence of Wagner at Bologna, the now recognized *tempi* of *Lohengrin*. Originally, for instance, the Prelude to the third act was beaten in common time, and played accordingly slow; Mariani at one of the rehearsals made across the common-time mark a perpendicular dash known as *aila breve*—an alteration which has practically doubled the speed of the piece, and which has remained, with Wagner's sanction, in the score. We do not wish for a moment to convey the idea that there are neither singers nor conductors in Germany, and we know better than to confound Germany with Austria, where vocal matters are quite different. What we maintain is that our own operatic artists are infinitely superior vocally to the imported German singers, and that the excessive indulgence shown to a peculiar form of foreign art has proved a dangerous precedent. Had less fuss been made some two seasons ago over the "greatness" of this or that singer, and had anybody had the courage then and there to stamp the German Opera company according to its worth, we should have been spared this year the agony of "things

"made in Germany." But all this, it will be objected, is not a report on the Drury Lane season, but an indictment. Precisely; and in drawing it up we are conscious not only of having discharged honestly our duty, but also of having rendered a service to Sir Augustus Harris, who, we are sure, will take our remarks in good part, and will not lend again a willing ear to the shrieks of a clique of ill-advised enthusiasts. Let us have German opera in German, by all means, but do not let us be deprived of the masterpieces of all ages because of the errors and fads of a small clique.

Excellent performances have been the order of the day at Covent Garden, whilst that of *Roméo et Juliette* was superb. M. Jean de Reszke and Mme. Melba as the "pair of star-cross'd lovers," live the eternal story of a "death-mark'd love," and hold the audience spellbound by the magic of their talent. Here is real greatness, for the artistic effort is entirely unsupported by the merit of the work interpreted—yes, Gounod's music is not worthy of Shakspeare's drama—and it is not to its musical commentary, but to the immortal prototype, that the singer has to turn to find the keynote for his creation. Mme. Melba's Juliet and M. Jean de Reszke's Romeo proceed straight from Shakspeare; "dear saint," the one, "true Romeo," the other, both remain ideally perfect types from their first dialogue so full of subtle grace to the death scene, which is a masterpiece of poetical inspiration. But it is easier to enjoy the beautiful performance than to describe it, especially with M. Jean de Reszke, who in this part rises higher than in any other creation of his; still, we cannot help pausing to indicate two phrases alone, which, however often heard, produce ever the same thrilling impression, so true and so human is the cry each time; "il n'y a ici d'autre lâche que toi" is the first phrase, thrown in Tybalt's teeth before the duel, and here the heavy *portamento* in the word *lâche* has the inflexion of such ungovernable rage, that the very notes seem to strike a mortal blow; "Juliette est vivante" is the second cry, and such is the ring of terror and despair in this phrase, that no amount of experience in theatre-going will save the hearer from genuine and sincere emotion. The majestic voice of M. Edouard de Reszke and his incomparable style of singing make the part of Frère Laurent hardly imaginable in other hands, and the singing of the very difficult measured recitative in the potion scene may be certainly considered as one of the finest vocal triumphs of the unique basso. Miss Lucile Hill and MM. Albers, Gilibert, and Bonnard completed the brilliant cast, and the performance was further remarkable by the admirable way in which Signor Mancinelli conducted.

On Tuesday there was a revival of *Aïda*, a rather Egyptian performance—not in a pyramidal, but more in a hieroglyphic sense—i.e. that the intentions of some artists, however full of inner meaning, remained somehow undecipherable. The triumphs of the evening were the *Aïda* of Mme. Adini, and of course the Ramfis of M. Edouard de Reszke. Mlle. Giulia Ravogli has not at her disposal the low notes on which much of the vocal effect of the part of Amneris depends, and no amount of exuberance in gesture can make up for the absence of the lower fifth in a voice. M. Plançon had but the few recitatives of the King to sing, and it is needless to say he sang them very well. But Signori Morello and Maggi, in the all-important parts of Radames and Amonasro, respectively did not cover themselves with glory. Signor Bevnigani conducted ably this somewhat lame performance.

A NEW GIRAFFE.

IT has been supposed from time immemorial that one kind of giraffe, and one only, was to be found in that land of zoological marvels, Africa. One would have supposed that even that vast country had few more natural-history surprises for us. But no! Africa can yet maintain her old reputation, and come up to time with the "something new" of Herodotus still in her inexhaustible basket.

Only a few years since a new Zebra (*Equus Grevyi*), utterly unknown to science, came to light in that place of mystery "the unknown horn of Africa"; several new species of antelope have been found in the same region; and now, last of all, a new and most interesting form of giraffe has been discovered.

Chiefly owing to the waterless desert nature of its surface, and the implacable ferocity of many of its tribes, Somaliland—the horn of Africa abutting north on the Gulf of Aden—has been little exploited by Europeans.

However, the inevitable Englishmen have been gradually feeling their way hither and thither. The late Mr. F. L. James and party first made an opening. Lord Delamere and others have followed. Captain Swaine has made many interesting journeys, shortly to be the subject of a work; and, quite recently, Major Wood of the North Staffordshire Regiment has met with, and slain, a giraffe so widely differing from all these magnificent giants hitherto brought to bag as to undoubtedly constitute a new variety, if not a new species. The new giraffe, the skin of which has been carefully secured and brought to England (where, until quite lately, it was to be seen at Rowland Ward's in Piccadilly), is distinguished by a complete and whole body colouring of rich bright chestnut, scarcely separable by very fine, almost invisible, lines of creamy white of hexagonal and sexagonal shape. In the South African species, as indeed in the giraffe found in the Soudan regions of North Africa, which is indistinguishable from its South African cousin, the markings are widely and clearly defined; and a comparison at once shows how completely the new Somaliland variety differs from any form hitherto found. At a short distance the new giraffe must appear as entirely of one colour; every hunter of giraffes in South Africa is well aware how, even at considerable distances, the striking mottlings of the camelopard are visible to the eye. In other characteristics, such as shape and conformation, the new giraffe seems to differ little from the old; but the extraordinary differences in marking and distribution of colouring are at all events sufficient to warrant the establishment by zoologists of a new variety—perhaps even a new species.

Major Wood and his party seem to have sighted at least seven different specimens of this new giraffe; but, until further skins and a complete skeleton are brought home, the authorities of the Zoological Society and the Natural History Museum will probably wait before assigning an exact title to this interesting form.

Giraffes have long been imported from North-East Africa—chiefly from the Soudan region—and skins have been often brought home by hunters from South Africa and the interior. The mottled hides of these creatures are well known. It is strange, indeed, to have waited so far into the nineteenth century before discovering this new and singularly marked variety.

Sir Samuel Baker, when hunting with the Hamrami Arabs in the country at the head of the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile, several times fell across and slew giraffes—all of the old-fashioned colouring. Yet Baker was then not so very far distant from Somaliland.

Nothing in nature is more remarkable or more interesting than the freakishness of the geographical distribution of animals. A belt of sand and timber; an easily fordable river; even a single stretch of plain or bush, will often and most unaccountably be found limiting the range of different species. It will be difficult, indeed, even for experts, to explain why the colouration of the giraffe should so completely and singularly change in one small corner of Africa.

When, by the way, will the Zoological Society again exhibit specimens of these towering mammals? They are not absolutely unprocureable!

THE THEATRES.

WE have heard it seriously advanced as a matter for wonder that *La Femme de Claude* has never been adapted for the English stage. Since it ranks as a "problem play," and having regard to the nature of the "problem" in some recent works of the kind produced in London, there may be excuse for the wonder. As a matter of fact, there is no problem—a ground of reproach, if it be reproach, which may be urged against a good many plays which of late have been accused of inculcating a more or less moral lesson. The usual mistake of confounding *post hoc* with *propter hoc* must be responsible for the association of this play with the "Tue-la" theory boldly, if not altogether discreetly, advanced by its author about a year before the advent of the play. Even with the existence of reasonable divorce laws, many advocates may still be found for the doctrine which permits a husband to kill the destroyer of his own and his wife's honour and a consider-

able number who would extend the same doom to the offending woman. A play emphasizing such a theory, if skilfully and forcibly written, would have commanded attention and consequent success in 1873, especially with the aid of the sort of *ad captandum* appeal made by M. Dumas in *La Femme de Claude* to the patriotism of his countrymen, and there is reason to believe that it might meet with an almost equal measure of success to-day. But no such vigorous and homely lesson is to be found in this play; and that, no doubt, is the reason why it figures in the repertory of failures with which Mme. Bernhardt, by a simple *tour de force*, has sought to charm, and has effectually charmed, London audiences this season. Not only does *La Femme de Claude* not enforce the lesson attributed to it, but it is an essentially bad play—a bad play in the important sense that it contains no character with whom one can feel the slightest grain of sympathy; and it is worse than many bad plays which have followed it, inasmuch as it is not even a profound or entrancing study in morbid psychological anatomy. Putting it at its best, and leaving the famous theory on one side altogether—taking it, that is to say, as the elaboration of the character of an inherently bad woman—M. Dumas has done exactly what Mr. Salaman did the other day (not that we wish to make invidious comparisons), and smoothed his path by creating a heroine, in the bad sense, so wicked, so lost to all sense of honour, decency, and shame, that the end was inevitable. That is how modern authors set clockwork in action to imitate the working of the hand of Fate in Greek tragedy. The only difference between the two men is that Mr. Salaman has left his heroine to the prospective horrors of Piccadilly Circus; while M. Dumas has been more merciful, we will add more natural, and appropriately allowed the inventor of guns to shoot the impossible woman. One note of superiority in the older method strikes us. Cesarine was frankly a wanton. Paula Ray, Mr. Salaman's heroine, not to mention Hedda Gabler and a host of the kind, are neurotic, and, being mistresses of that shibboleth, must be excused. We cannot agree with those critics who declare that M. Dumas's theory is incapable of dramatic exposition. On the contrary, we believe that a great play may be written upon it; but it requires a dramatist rather than, or as well as, a playwright. M. Dumas sometimes consents to abandon the dramatist for the playwright; but he unquestionably possesses the qualities of both, and we therefore decline to believe that *La Femme de Claude* has any more than an accidental connexion with the theory. Even considered as the work of a mere playwright, however, the work has defects which cannot be overlooked, and nothing but the impassioned genius of Mme. Bernhardt and the earnest workman-like method of M. Guitry, could have made the performance acceptable.

After a short and feeble existence, "The Society of British Dramatic Art" has come to an inglorious end—an end so inglorious, in fact, that one feels inclined to leave it without mention. Its beginning was so pretentious, however, that the fact is well worth recording as a warning. There was to be a school of elocution, a fencing class, committees were to read plays (for a fee), and the profession were to be allowed to ballot for parts. Moreover, there was a subtly devised scale of subscriptions, by which every one was to pay for what he did not want and could not have. It was, in fact, a machine, partly oiled by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by which the great unacted were to foil the machinations of managers, and the unappreciated Hamlets were to get the leading parts by a process of ballot which paid no attention to such idle things as qualifications of any kind. That the reading committee complained that the majority of the plays sent in were not worthy of production will give rise to no astonishment whatever; but even the most hopeless among us will experience surprise deepening his despair when he is brought face to face with the fact that during the whole period of the existence of this well-advertised Society not one single play sent in has been considered worthy of production, and that it was driven, in order to make a show, to produce so hoary a remnant of antiquity as *The Box Lobby Challenge*, of which, it is fair to say, but one playgoer in a thousand had ever heard, or would pay sixpence to see. Jealousies, of course, have arisen; it was the only sign of vitality the Society ever gave; and we hear something of a rejected or unread play by a self-sufficient journalist of the less exalted sort. But the fact remains, and the Society of British Dramatic Art will not have

existed in vain since it has proved it, that for a whole year, or thereabouts, a cheap and easily accessible vent has been kept open for the manager-oppressed playwright—and he has declined to appear.

REVIEWS.

MEMORIALS OF LADY DUFFERIN.

Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray. 1894.

THE beauty and wit that have been for many generations the inheritance of the Sheridans would seem to be, like the intellectual endowment of the family, almost an inalienable possession. The late Lady Dufferin, one of the three granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, shared with her sisters, the Hon. Caroline Norton (Mrs. Stirling-Maxwell of Keir) and Georgina, Duchess of Somerset, a full measure of the gifts and charms of the Sheridans. In her, indeed, as all the world knows, beauty and wit were exemplified in remarkable degree, and these all-conquering sources of attraction were combined with others which, if they could not increase the brilliancy of that beauty and wit, were potent allies in producing the sweet attractive grace which all who knew Lady Dufferin acknowledged and found abiding. Qualities of heart and mind were hers that do not often accompany beauty, and are but rarely found associated with wit. "There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty, and good," Lord Dufferin writes, in his eloquent and touching Memoir; "but I doubt if there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit and with so natural a gaiety and bright an imagination as my mother's such strong, unerring good sense, tact, and womanly discretion." The "loveableness" of her character, to use Lord Dufferin's apt term, is the one word that expresses her. No reader of these interesting memoirs and selections from Lady Dufferin's writings can fail to be moved by this quality of loveableness, which is so truly reflected in her songs and other verses that we can by no means subscribe to the editor's description of his work as "slight and inadequate tokens of an adorable woman." To the writer of these words there must needs be in any record or tribute something of inadequacy. But for us, and for all that read, the portraiture is rich in attraction and suggestiveness.

Among the seven-and-twenty authors numbered among the Sheridans within the last two and a half centuries there have been several who have, like Lady Dufferin, excelled in verse. As was the case with her sister, Mrs. Norton, it may be said that Lady Dufferin "lisped in numbers"; a phrase that has been misapplied to the merely juvenile verse-maker, whereas it is only rightly due to the young poet who possesses spontaneity in song, that first great necessity in the song-writer. That this was one of Lady Dufferin's gifts is incontestable. Her songs produce the impression—seldom to be noted of the lyrical verse of to-day, with its hammered rhymes and effect of laboured manufacture—of creative "procession" and inevitableness. Let us take, for example, some of the songs that acquired great popularity, such as the "Irish Emigrant" and "The Charming Woman," and some not less celebrated, or less deserving of celebrity, such as "Katey's Letter" and "Sweet Kilkenny Town"—admirable twain—or "The Bay of Dublin," or "Oh! sing no more!" or "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen." In such examples we feel that the character of the song, its beauty and its form, are, like its rhymes, inevitable. Spontaneous, too, is the Præd-like spirit, alert and light and daring, of "The Charming Woman," "Doña Inez's Confession," "A Lament on the Weather," the "Valentine" on "Lady Rica," "The Mother's Lament," and that excellent parody "The Fine Young English Gentleman." The contrast of these songs in divers tones is further enforced by the beautiful poems addressed to her son in his childhood or youth, which are rightly included in the selection, although Lord Dufferin confesses to having had some natural doubts as to their claims to publicity. Their biographical value is evident, however, and their simplicity and directness of manner are not less affecting than the exquisite naturalness of their sentiments. It must be apparent to every reader that the pathetic element in Lady Dufferin's songs, and much of the humour, had their springs in a warm and sensitive heart. The humour, in short, is invariably and in every sense "good" humour. Something of the family taste for the stage and dramatic work was not lacking in Lady

Dufferin, as is agreeably shown in the sparkling epilogues and prologues, and the very pleasant comedy *Finesse; or, a Busy Day at Messina*, that are printed with her poems. The comedy, which was expressly written for Mr. Alfred Wigan, is a bright and engaging piece, full of vivacity and of lively situations. A melancholy interest attaches to a poem by Mrs. Norton, included in these selections. This is a monody on "the late Earl of Gifford," the romantic story of whose marriage to Lady Dufferin when dying of the injuries accidentally incurred while superintending some building repairs to Castle Gifford, is told with all its touching circumstances by Lord Dufferin in his Memoir. Six weeks after the date of the admirable letter to Lord Tweeddale, in which Lady Dufferin announced her marriage to his son, Lord Gifford died. Four years later, after a long and painful illness, borne with characteristic courage, she also passed away, calling to her side, on the morning of her death, her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, bidding them "good-bye in the same fond, cheerful way in which she was in the habit of wishing them good-night, with many a little tender joke and loving word of endearment."

We should have but partially acknowledged the excellent spirit with which Lord Dufferin has carried out this memorial were we to omit to refer to his preliminary sketch of the history of the Sheridan family and of his paternal ancestors, the Blackwoods. Scarcely secondary in point of interest is the sketch of the many and various and distinguished Sheridans, beginning with Denis Sheridan and his two sons, the Bishop of Kilmore and the Bishop of Cloyne, proceeding to the first Thomas Sheridan, the father of that Sir Thomas who was one of the "seven men of Moidart," and out in the '45; concerning whom Lord Dufferin tells a story which is one of the most curious of curious coincidences. Thence we pass on to Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's Sheridan—no more delightful representative of the family than he can be named—and his son Thomas, who was Johnson's Sheridan, and his illustrious grandson Richard Brinsley, of whom it were superfluous to speak, though his *Life*, which Moore attempted, is yet to be written—is, indeed, being written at this time, as Lord Dufferin remarks. These are a few of the leading members of this genial and prevailing family. Not less interesting are the memoirs of the Blackwoods, who were created baronets in 1763, and barons of Dufferin and Clandeboye in 1800. The story of the last will of Lord Clandeboye, afterwards Earl of Clanbrassil, is altogether so extraordinary as to be worthy of some master of fiction of the highest gifts in invention and ingenuity. It is a romance of the first order, but too long to be retold here. We cannot resist, however, giving Lord Dufferin's sketch of his paternal grandfather, whose convivial powers are contrasted with Sheridan's weak-headedness in this respect. He lived to be eighty-one, and never had a day's illness, and would begin an evening "with what he called a 'clearer'—i.e. a bottle of port—and continued with four bottles of claret, and he always retired to bed in a state of perfect, though benevolent, sobriety." "I have reason to complain," Lord Dufferin adds, "that my two grandfathers, by overdrawing the family account with Bacchus, have left me a water-drinker—a condition of degeneracy which caused, I remember, serious concern to the older friends of the family."

NOVELS.

A Precious Scamp. By Henry Creswell, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

Stanhope of Chester: a Mystery. By Percy Andrae. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1894.

The Potter's Thumb. By Flora Annie Steel. London: Wm. Heinemann. 1894.

Victims of Fashion. By A. M. Grange. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

A Bairreuth Pilgrimage. By Edith E. Cathell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1894.

A *PRECIOUS SCAMP* is the cleverest of the author's novels which we happen to have read, nor is the title ill chosen. Never have we come across a story in which the morality is more mixed, or in which the rules of righteous retribution are more absolutely disregarded. We confess we have been both amused and excited, but it leaves an unpleasant flavour behind with its serene contempt of the Decalogue. All the men are of the City, and scoundrels more or less, as most of the ladies are singularly untempting. The central situation is absurd to incredibility, yet were it dispensed with the whole fabric would fall to pieces. The heroes are two brothers whose squire-father has come to financial grief, and who have betaken themselves to commerce to retrieve their fortunes. The younger, who is a sort of Admirable Crichton, goes in for swindling on a great scale. He has an instinctive *flair* for a good thing; but the paths of honesty are too tedious for him. He embezzles; he forges; he puts his confiding accomplice in the hole, and dis-

appears with about a quarter of a million of stolen money. Seven years are supposed to elapse, which he has passed in Brazil. He comes back to the scene of his frauds to face the detectives and the City folks he has swindled. It will be confessed that *Monte Cristo* is not in it. For he actually takes up his quarters with his brother; and, although the two men had been inseparable, he is never recognized till he chooses to reveal himself. It might have been supposed that the other brother, who had been represented as the incarnation of honour, would have cast him off. But not a bit of it. Percy not only consents to keep the shameful secret, but profits by the scamp's ill-gotten gains to rear a solid little fortune of his own. And the scamp has such a marvellously winning way with women that he succeeds in warming a beautiful statue of ice into something approaching passionate adoration. The pair would have been married, and probably lived happily ever afterwards, had not the lady's father, who was a miserly lunatic, taken it into his head to murder his daughter, on a difficulty arising as to settlements. The scene of the crime was to have been the sands of Mont Saint-Michel when the swift tide was on the flow. But there is a substitution of victims, and by an act of sublime self sacrifice the scamp saves his betrothed. Before being engulfed himself, with characteristic coolness and forethought, he scribbles his last wishes for her on a scrap of notepaper, recommending her to console herself with a husband of his suggestion. With practical good sense she obeys his dying behests, and we suspect she had reason to congratulate herself on the change of husbands. Our outline of the plot is strictly truthful, and yet we repeat that the story is entertaining throughout, and wonderfully plausible, considering the fantastic materials.

Still more imaginative is *Stanley of Chester*, although the title sounds prosaic enough. Indeed, it would have been a strangely thrilling romance of the spirit world had the ghostly machinery been more cleverly managed. In our opinion, the author should have taken us altogether into his confidence on the first appearance of the spectral visitant, in place of piling up a mystery which we dimly pierce. We knew, of course, that it cannot be for nothing that a strange figure makes a third in the compartment of a night express which has never stopped, and we suspect something besides from the old-fashioned cut of its clothes. But Mr. Andrae uses something more than fair means to throw us off the scent. The ghost does not seem to have had bad times in the other world. His face is always dressed in smiles, and though rather disposed to force his company on strangers, he invariably makes himself extremely agreeable. He has considerable conversational powers, though he rather bores the third party by his monotonous talk, which generally runs on old recollections. He accepts invitations to dinner; he sups after the theatre with no fear of indigestion before his eyes; and naturally he plays a far better knife and fork than the unfortunate gentleman to whom he devotes his attentions. Indeed, it is difficult to understand why he should stick to his victim, for he evidently bears him no sort of malice. In fact, with a perpetual smile, childlike and bland as that of the Chinese, he seems to ignore the crime which cost him his life after shattering his domestic happiness. However, whether he means it or not, he drives the gentleman he haunts to suicide and thence arises a most exciting trial which nearly sends an innocent man to the gallows. Stanley, with his mysterious habit of vanishing after making an exhibition of himself when mischief is in the air, is in great measure to blame for that. But the *dénouement* by which the prisoner at the bar is saved, at the moment when an ignominious grave is gaping for him, is decidedly ingenious. The story would run off all the more smoothly were it not weighted with moralizing and irrelevant digressions on economics and social subjects, which are altogether out of place in such a tale of Gramerie.

The Potter's Thumb in point of morality is much on a par with *A Precious Scamp*. Only, as half the characters are rascally Hindoos, there is more excuse for the eccentricities in ethics. We have seldom read a more provoking novel, for the author, with really a rare knowledge of Oriental life, has made inartistic use of excellent material. There are disjointed scenes, jerky sentences, and such subtly suggestive and allusive writing that you cannot possibly understand it. We do not say that with sufficient pains you might not master the meaning, but we do not care to analyse the frivolities of fiction as if we were studying the Vedas or Shastras. There is many a gap left for the imagination to fill in, and the flaccid fancy of the writer seems often to flag, as if it had been fever-stricken in some station in the torrid plains with all the fluids at boiling point and the punkahs out of working order. We can only report vaguely that it is a story of Oriental intrigue and English frivolity, and that a piece of antique pottery plays an important part in it, though we fail to appreciate the full

significance of the potter's thumb. But there are vivid pictures of the dilapidated old palace in which three generations of petty potentates are housed, the youngest of the three being a "masher" who affects English tastes and is fluent in English slang. Needless to add, that he is so far patriotic and conservative as to have preserved all the traditional native vices. There are telling pictures, too, of the shabby bazaar, with the Eastern mingling of traffic and sin and patient industry. Oriental semi-barbarism is brought in contact with English officialism; and the plot turns on the desire of these unscrupulous potentates to get possession, by fair means or foul, of the key that locks the irrigating sluice gates. As it happens, they have rather too much water in the end, and the palace is flooded by a disastrous inundation. Considering the advantages of their upbringing, the Mem-Sahibs do not show to any great advantage by comparison with the dancing girls and the inmates of the harem. Of the English heroines, one is a heartless flirt who, like the Precious Scamp, indulges in larceny, who drives a foolish boy to suicide, who marries again twice and thrice, well and better, and who lives not her days in general respect. As for the other, she is an eminently prosaic young woman, whose temperament offers small temptation to go astray, and who blunders into matrimony with an eligible admirer.

Victims of Fashion records the descent of two American adventurers, a brother and sister, upon our best metropolitan society. Both have the god-like gift of beauty; but the brother has brains, which the sister has not. The sister captivates, but cannot keep hold; the brother captivates, and clings like the devil-fish. Not that he is altogether a bad fellow; he is simply heartlessly ambitious of a high social position. The sister is a sleepy Juno, with voluptuous ox-eyes, and her American talk, when she gets excited and forgets her manners, is in piquant contrast with her figure and her face. The brother is clever, masterful, and eminently adaptive. He becomes the hero of a not very improbable episode, when he steals his way into the affections of a high-born spinster of great wealth and undeniable position. Poor Lady Peggy's punishment is terribly severe, and her self-reproaches when she is disillusionized are extremely pathetic. She feels she has made a fool of herself when she finds herself wedded to an impostor who had really given what heart he has elsewhere, though she might have forgiven his being an octaroon had he not concealed the fact. There is more comedy in the breaking off of his sister's engagement to Lord Castlerack when that unfortunate strain of dark blood with the other secrets come to light. As for Rilly, the rupture comes to her as a not unwelcome release, for she has a coloured lover and countryman all ready to espouse her. Castlerack, with his staunch loyalty to his impulsive passion so long as he can make any kind of fight for his mistress, is very pleasantly and cleverly sketched; and yet it is quite in his character that he is ready to console himself with the English beauty who has been angling for him all the time with patient adroitness.

The author of *A Baireuth Pilgrimage* has evidently made use of a flying visit to the Wagner festival, nor has she done it at all badly. It is true there is a good deal of guide-book when we visit Nuremberg and Baireuth, and a great deal of libretto when we are assisting at the operatic representations. But it is a lively little story, in which one of her heroines is music-mad, and the other becomes even more so upon slight provocation. We have a great glorification of the genius of Wagner put in the mouth of a brilliant Norwegian pianist. "He was the most wonderful, the most many-sided, genius that ever lived—Shakspeare, Beethoven, Plato, Raphael, all in one." That young enthusiast, through his musical sympathies, has won the heart of an English widow of fashion, and to the last page we never doubted that the ill-matched pair were to marry, when a square-shouldered German girl turns up to claim him, and we protest that the surprise is scarcely legitimate, though the widow is saved from making a fool of herself like Lady Peggy. As for the young friend the widow had chaperoned to Baireuth, how she bestowed herself and her wealth on a detrimental is humorously told, and the amorous couple seem to be happily mated, although the lover does prefer Chevalier to Wagner.

THE PROSE AND POETRY OF FRANCIS ADAMS.

Tiberius: a Drama. By Francis Adams. With an Introduction by W. M. Rossetti. London: Fisher Unwin. 1894.

The New Egypt. By Francis Adams. London: Fisher Unwin.

Tennyson: an Essay. By Francis Adams. "New Review," March 1894.

The Poetical Works of Francis Adams. London: Griffith & Farran.

"A GINGERBEER bottle burst." This unkind phrase, be it observed, was not written by any gelid critic. It was coined by Alexander Smith, who bore in his day the heat and

burden of "spasmodic" poetry, who is far too much forgotten, and who had the root of the matter in him. Moreover, he did not write it in the too short period of mature reflection which came to him, but in the very middle of his own storm-and-stress period. And the words are a very true, and rather terrible, criticism of life. We have thought of them pretty often and seen them exemplified more than once; but seldom more thoroughly than in the case of the unfortunate young person of letters whose name stands at the head of this article. Of Mr. Adams personally we knew absolutely nothing, though it is possible, and from a sentence in one of his prefaces seems certain, that some of his early work was "justified" in the *Saturday Review*. But when, two or three years ago, his name began to be "boomed" in present-day fashion, when we learnt how Mr. Adams had told most British poets of the day their fact, how he had fluttered the dovescotes of Australia by severe remarks, how traditional religion and politics were gasping at his feet, and so forth, "we wished the man [good] dinner[s] and sat still." Then came sadder news, and we rejoiced, not over the news, but over the release from the duty of taking Mr. Adams seriously. Apparently, his very injudicious friends have determined that the oblivion which he courted shall not be his portion. Since his death the boom has by no means ceased. The publishing trade—not merely paragraphs, but authoritative experts on public occasions say so—is very bad, worse (we have the great word of Mr. Murray the other day for it) than it has been since the catclysm which washed the fortune, the happiness, the life, and all but the noble nature and superhuman fortitude of Scott down with it. But there appears to be no difficulty in getting the works of Mr. Francis Adams published or republished. An essay of his on Tennyson is issued in a review, and paragraphs are set floating to express a hope that Tennysonians may get over it; a book on "the New Egypt" is published, and we are invited to see how Mr. Adams has arranged that problem; half a dozen more volumes are threatened, and now a drama on Tiberius actually appears with a preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti (who, if he be only the lesser, the much lesser Ajax, bears a great literary name, and has seen much great literature produced round him) comparing Mr. Adams to Shelley, telling us that certain of Mr. Adams's utterances (not *Tiberius*) are a "momentous record" and will be "increasingly recognized as such." This being so, it seems fitting that the momentousness of Mr. Francis Adams should be examined. Critics may be Goths, but it is about time for those Goths to arise.

Confining our actual list of books to the volumes actually lying before us, and issued or reissued since the author's death, we may observe that we have at different times taken account, we think, of most things that Mr. Adams published; and we do not remember any characteristics in them different from those here displayed. We have here various verse drama, criticism and politico-social treatise, nor would *The Australians*, *The Songs of the Army of the Night*, or other things published or to be published, do much more than increase the bulk and vary the detail of our texts. Let us then take these in order.

The *Poetical Works* consist of 151 large quarto pages printed in double columns and rather small type, so that there is a considerable amount of matter in them. A considerable amount of matter in one sense—in another how little, and what a considerable absence of art! Mr. Adams, as the mere sub-titles tell us, had read Heine; the text soon tells us that he had read Mr. Swinburne, Whitman, and others. A friend in one of the prefaces tells us that he was a "classical man," which is good. But unfortunately his classicality chiefly displays itself as of the kind which carefully writes "Anagke," "Kalupso," and so forth, which is equally careful not to defraud (P)sappho of her Psi, but which does not otherwise betray a very intimate acquaintance with "Aischulos" and "Ovidius" (why not "Ouidivs?") There are all the proper things—verses to Emily Brontë, translations of Villon's "Ballade des Dames" and of the "Vanneur." There are refrains in italics and brackets just as there ought to be. Some of the Swinburnian *pastiches* are quite excellent for a line or so; and the thing is full of other, though unconscious, reminiscences which are most engaging. Thus

Day and night, Day and night Thy quenchless thought Returning
owns me quite

irresistibly suggests Mr. Hoolan's inquiry to Mr. Doolan, "And how's the lady that owns ye?" In short, except that the utterance is rather more guilelessly uncritical, but also rather more spontaneously imitative, than that of most youthful bards, it only wants a "tut! tut!" and a good-humoured smile. Mr. Adams seems to say that when it first appeared, or some of it, we called it "impious and obscene;" but he makes the imputation jointly upon us and a respected contemporary, and we hope it was the

contemporary. If we did call it impious and obscene we retract. It was only foolish.

In the other three deliverances we hear Mr. Adams *majora canentem*; but, alas! we do not find him any the less a ginger-beer bottle which, burst or unburst, contains nothing but ginger-beer. The Tennyson essay is almost shocking in its immaturity, for its author was all but thirty when he died, and this was posthumous. Mr. Adams, about to pronounce Tennyson "superficially picturesque," "shockingly wanting in self-knowledge and self-respect," a "half-hearted dilettante," and a poet from whom a little volume of beauties will some day be finally gathered, is almost touchingly anxious not to do the deed too roughly. He "hopes he will not be misunderstood," and pleads for "seriousness." And when we come to his treatment we find, of course, that the truth of the matter is only the old one. The critic cannot see what is in the poet—namely, poetical beauty—and therefore pooh-poohs it; he does not see what he wants to find—namely, political rant and "modern" cant—and thunders at its absence. Such a criticism is simply *non avenue*. It is not merely that Tennyson stands where he did as a poet—there was not much danger of anything else happening; it is only that Mr. Francis Adams disappears as a critic.

Then we have *The New Egypt*. Here, again, Mr. Adams takes infinite pains to impress on us that he went out beautifully unprejudiced, that he actually gave Lord Cromer a fair hearing in speech as between man and man, that he patiently investigated the problem, and so forth, and so forth. Unhasting and unrelenting, we proceed to hear his solution of that problem. And lo! putting aside the interviewing, and the appropriate picture of the Khedive's boots, and the guide-book local-colour, it is just the downtrodden but aspiring fellow, the intrusive Englishman, the rights of nations, and all the other gabble and jargon which anybody who knew anything about the matter could have written in Fleet Street, and which many worthy Radical journalists who knew nothing of the matter have written in Fleet Street or its immediate neighbourhood, without going to Egypt, without taking up long-suffering Lord Cromer's time, without discovering by actual vision and possible cigarette-consumption that Abbas Pasha is a Heaven-born ruler.

And, lastly, we have the drama, even this *Tiberius*. Mr. Rossetti, who has edited it with some omissions and castigations, sees in it "extreme force, steady insight, literary form, and poetic touch." It may also be interesting to see some lines which the brother of the author of "The House of Life" and "Rose Mary" thinks "superexcellent of their kind, unsurpassed by anything of the same class":—

Up in the pallid and changeless
blue
The intolerable sun
Blazes and burns. For leagues
and leagues,
Brown and billowless, the sea
of grass
Stretches away.
Not a sound, not a movement
anywhere!
Even the fiery locust is mute:
Even the tireless circling kite
Perches and sits on the withered
bough:
Even the magpies, gathered
together
Among the bottle-tree's shady
leaves,
Gurgle no more.
Along the streaming horizon
line
The haze-smoke flickers. The
mirage trees
Baseless stand beneath the
hills
That hem round the north, all
dim and blue.
Not a sound, not a movement
anywhere!
Rise once more, O passionate
shapes,
Haunters of my mind those
seven long years:
Rise in the lonely place where
alone I lie

Under the lovely withered
oleander
In this forlorn and desolate
garden!
Here where the long grass
chokes the vines,
Where the strangling weeds
oppress the faint flowers,
Where the creepers clutch and
kill the fruit trees,
Where the jessamined arbours
like a ruined house
Are pierced with the sun-
shafts—
Rise, proud, piteous terrible
Face,
Startling ghost of my brooding
boyhood,
Man and Lover, Emperor and
Scourge,
Speak to me once again—
Touch my brain as you did
when I knew you first—
Wring my heart till it feels
yours beat! . . .

I dream I see them! All the
shadowy Figures
Form and dissolve, while others,
others
Take their places—
Eyes I have looked into, lips I
have kissed,
Gaze and murmur and fade
away.

That is what Mr. Rossetti thinks superexcellent, &c. That almost any man who has read the poetry of the nineteenth century, and who has any retentiveness of ear and any fluency of pen, could write it till half the papermakers in Kent and half the pen-makers in Birmingham made their fortunes by his patronage will probably be the opinion of others.

To do Mr. Adams justice, his text is rather better, though not much better, than his poem. It seems that he designed the part of Tiberius for Mr. Irving; but, even if Mr. Irving liked to be bullied and made a cur of at the beginning of a play, and smothered at the end, we fancy that he would like the intervening scenes to be somewhat more closely connected than is the case here. The truth is that there is no dramatic connexion of any kind between the various acts or scenes representing Tiberius as forced to give up Vipsania, his finding Julia impossible, his long and enigmatic sojourn at Rhodes, his subjection to Sejanus, his emancipation therefrom, and his final apotheosis at the hands of Caligula and Macro. Even Shakespeare never made repeated jumps of this kind, and Shakespeare had a certain gift of bridging what he did make by the continuity of character-drawing which we must frankly say we do not find in Mr. Adams. A few *tirades* are not without merit—though it is merit not much greater than may be found in one out of every four or five of the scores of books of minor verse published every year. Of the character in which Mr. Adams has given himself scope unfettered by history—that of a Greek slave whom Tiberius buys at Rhodes, and makes his mistress—even Mr. Rossetti does not think that the creator need be more than "reasonably proud," and we have seen something of Mr. Rossetti's scale of praise.

As we turn over these various volumes—with their lusty-lunged fulness of sound, their thinness of meaning, and their almost entire restriction of such meaning as they do contain to a puerile protest against established beliefs, doctrines, and conclusions—we can only ask ourselves once more "Why on earth this boom over the poor ginger-beer bottle which has burst, and which might be left in peaceful shards, whence the froth already would have had time to dry?" For in this "momentous record," as Mr. Rossetti calls the most violent and flashy of Mr. Adams's work, the *Songs of the Army of the Night*, this record that is to be "increasingly recognizable," there is, to our impartial thinking, no sign of permanence whatever. There is nothing that the world will not willingly let die, if only for the very simple reason that the thing is always with the world—to wit, the yeasty self-confidence and the vacuum of self-knowledge and knowledge of other things proper to youth. The more books people read, the easier it is for them to write books of a kind, especially in the rank journalese which is Mr. Adams's style; the more papers and the more publishers there are, the easier it is for them to get printed and published. The more Board schools there are, the easier it is for them to get uncritically read. But everything (even that which makes for its instantaneous toleration) is against such stuff as this lasting; and, while it does last, there is certainly no reason why rational people should pay any attention to it. There must be, at any given moment, between Highgate and the Crystal Palace, between Shepherd's Bush and the Tower Bridge, hundreds of young men with as much literary knowledge and as much literary power—if sometimes a little less forward and less articulate, sometimes, also, we trust, incapable of writing such vile English as "replete in blunders"—as were possessed by Francis Adams. And we sincerely trust that, to that knowledge and that power, at least ninety-nine out of every hundred can add far better sense and far better taste.

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Die Verfassung der Kirche von England. Von Felix Makower, Dr. Jur. Berlin: G. Guttentag. 1894.

IT is not often that a fresh writer comes unannounced into the world of letters, holding in his hand a book so ripe, so discerning, and so consummate in its countless and intricate details as this treatise is, which could only have been produced by years of the most patient labour and research. Dr. Makower's name is not only entirely new to us, but, so far as we are aware, he has never hitherto published even the slightest essay or magazine article upon his present subject, or upon any other subject, in his own fatherland. The appearance of the book has been as welcome a surprise to German historical scholars as it certainly is to us. It fills for them a hitherto unoccupied gap; to us it is the more remarkable, because it is the work of a foreigner who has spared no pains to impregnate himself thoroughly with the English spirit, and to learn what the Church of England really is, and how she became what she now is, by the only process through which any Englishman can acquire that necessary lesson. Ever since the Vatican Council, when all the National Churches still subject to the Roman Pontiff were captured by the Jesuit Society, and adopted pious opinions of that Society as Catholic dogmas, the inquiries of thoughtful men in Germany have turned more eagerly than before towards the Church of England. They want to know what it is which differences the English Church

from the Papal Churches and the Protestant Communions of the Continent, and supplies her with her inexhaustible vitality. They see the utter inadequacy of the scholastic explanations of the old professors of ecclesiastical history, who thought that they could account for it by a textual study of the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles, and by comparing these with the various symbolical documents of the Lutheran and Reformed subdivisions of the Continental Reformation. But, after all such examinations of the letter, the spirit and life of the English Church still remained an inexplicable idiosyncrasy to the inquiring German theologian and politician. Her "constitution," or that which makes her what she is, must lie hidden somehow in the very being of the thing, and is not to be discovered upon any extant paper.

Dr. Makower has provided all such inquirers with a marvelously complete answer. He set himself to examine scientifically the growth and environment of the Church of England, and so to discover and demonstrate the actual constitution of the Church, as of any other living being, from stage to stage of its historical evolution. This is what he means by *Kirchenverfassung*. The documents of the Church are interpreted by the life of the Church. And he follows the same process with the evolution of the laws and canons of the Church (*Kirchenrecht*); with its relation to other Churches, and to Separatists and heretics; with its clergy of all Orders and its doctrine of Ordination; with the connexion of the Church with the Commonwealth, and what is implied and is not implied, both before and since the Reformation, by the Royal Supremacy. He follows the same line in his elaborate chart of the administration of the Church in the nation, province, diocese, archdeaconry, rural deanery, and parish; in his indication how the distinct functions of every officer of the Church, clerical and lay, from the Primate to the beadle, have been evolved, and now operate; how the sisterhoods, brotherhoods, guilds, deaconesses, and other voluntary helpers have come to be incorporated with the system of the Church of England. He traces out the orderly evolution of our Church assemblies, national and provincial synods, the convocations, the natural growth of the "Häuser der Laien" out of the latter, diocesan synods and diocesan conferences, and rural-decanal chapters. Last of all, he explains the growth and present condition of the various Ecclesiastical Courts (*Kirchengerichte*), from the "Königliches Gericht" to the humble "Gericht des Landdekans." The rural deans of the Church of England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, he observes, exercised an independent jurisdiction in certain petty concerns; but only in extremely rare cases "haben sich Reste einer Gerichtsbarkeit von Landdekanen bis zur Gegenwart erhalten." Such an observation will show how scrupulously he traces up every institution to its sources, and how he discerns everywhere the life of the past in the present. Only once or twice in the whole work does he seem to commit himself to the expression of any judicial or critical opinion upon the English Church as she now is, and there he makes errors excusable in a foreigner. The general impression which his study must leave upon every impartial reader, English or foreign, is that the constitution of the Church of England is as singularly organic a growth as the Constitution of England, and that there is nothing on the face of the earth which is less the product of a deliberate mechanism.

What Dr. Makower's own beliefs are, or where his ecclesiastical sympathies lie, or whether he has any, it is almost impossible to discover. Here and there we may imagine that we are upon some track of them, but the indication is so faint, or is so quickly obliterated, that we find ourselves surprised by his perfect attainment of that cool *Absonderung* which seems to be the law of his school. The "constitution of the Church of England" is to him an object outside him, which he has set himself to examine in the only rational way, and to describe to others as he sees it. The motto which he inscribes upon his title-page is an apt compression of the results of his experiment, a key to his method, and a demonstration in the fewest possible words of the way in which the *Ecclesia Anglicana* of the fourteenth century has come to be what she is in the nineteenth century. If he had adopted it at the beginning of his researches, instead of recording it at the end of them, it could hardly have been more adequate. "Non debet dicere tendere in præjudicium Ecclesiasticæ Libertatis quod pro Rege et Republica necessarius invenitur (Patent of November 1316, 9 Edward II. Articuli Cleri, cap. 8)." The generous and liberal old English faith that ecclesiastical establishment and ecclesiastical liberty are rightly one and the same is now proclaimed, by the caucus of un-English politicians and sectaries, to be a heresy both in politics and religion. "The expulsion of the Jesuit body avails us little," said Mr. Carlyle, "when the Jesuit *Soul* has so nestled itself in the life of mankind." The policy of the Vatican Council was reproduced at the un-sacred Synod of

Newcastle, where and when the Liberation Company compelled the Liberal leaders humbly to adopt the private opinions of the company as the public dogmas of the Liberal party; and we see Mr. John Morley, a man of letters, servilely repeating the Liberationist parrot-cry that ecclesiastical establishment means ecclesiastical slavery, that "a favoured Church is seated upon the throne of special privilege"—a queer seat for a slave—"in return for its acceptance of parliamentary and spiritual bondage." It is evident that the foreign author of the *Verfassung der Kirche von England* has studied the most English of our English institutions more seriously than this member of the English Government has yet cared to study it, and understands it better than he does. The difference is not to be attributed to the fact that Dr. Makower is a theorist who confines his attention to the past, while Mr. Morley is a practical statesman who is more concerned with the actual present. Dr. Makower has omitted nothing which could help him to the most exact knowledge of the present condition of Mr. Morley's ecclesiastical slave upon a throne of privilege. He shows himself to be as familiar with every modern Parliamentary Report which affects the Church, and with every page of the Church of England Year Book for 1893, as he certainly is with Beda, with all the volumes of the Rolls series, with Bishop Stubbs and Canon Bright, Bishop Burnet and Collier, Coke and Phillimore. Indeed, we do not know whither any English student could be sent for a more consummate and detailed conspectus of materials for light upon the Church of England than to that critical *Uebersicht der Litteratur* which Dr. Makower has provided in pp. 520-547 of his appendix.

In each of the many divisions of his subject Dr. Makower traces the continuity of the development through the three great historical periods of the life of the English Church. (1) The time before the Norman Conquest; (2) from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation; (3) from the Reformation to the year 1893. As it may be said of Dr. Gneist, who has preceded Dr. Makower in some aspects of his work, that he knows and understands England in a more English spirit than the Radical spokesmen of Dr. Perceval's *New Democracy* know it, so it may be truly said of the present German writer that he has obtained a more distinct sight and apprehension of our National Church than any English, Scottish, or Welsh Liberationist possesses, or would like to possess. Nay, only a small minority of English Churchmen can pretend to so exact an acquaintance with their own Church as he has acquired. It is a sin of omission, to which the attention of the Episcopate of England should be called, that so apt a textbook for Anglican theological colleges, so complete a *Leitfaden* to the Church of England and all the churches in communion with her, does not as yet exist in our own English tongue. For it is characteristic of Dr. Makower's range and method that he has taken conscientious pains to familiarize himself with the constitution, history, literature, and present state of the Churches of Ireland, Scotland, the United States, and the colonies, and with the missionary work of all the churches of the Anglican communion. If Ranke and Gneist deserved to have their works Englished, Dr. Makower certainly deserves the same recognition. He has shown us what splendid popular use may be made of our own materials, and has shown us how to do it. It would be an excellent service to Church and commonwealth at the present moment to publish a translation of his book if the editing were put into really competent hands, of which there is happily no lack among us. The flaws which here and there occur are such as were almost inevitable in the work of a foreigner handling such a subject; and some of them were to be expected in a German, however *objectiv* he might suppose he had rendered himself. What is most surprising is that they are not more numerous. Sometimes we come across the German Protestant confusion of "Catholic" with "Roman Catholic." At the end of his Section 10, "Geschichte der Kirchenverfassung in Schottland," after describing the present condition of the "schottische Bischöps-Kirche" and the canons of 1890, he says that "in 1878 Roman Catholic episcopal sees were again (*wieder*) founded in Scotland." In the next section (11), however, on the "Geschichte der Kirchenverfassung in Ireland," where he cites his fellow-countryman Bellesheim's *History of the Catholic Church in Ireland*, he adds a parenthetical explanation that by "Catholic" Dr. Bellesheim means "die römisch-katholische Kirche," and the "römisch-katholische Erzbistümer und Bistümer." His citations of Archbishop Usher, Bishop Mant, Todd's *St. Patrick*, and the writings of Professor G. T. Stokes show that he is aware of the position affirmed by the Irish Church. So he balances the statements of Greith (*Geschichte der altirischen Kirche und ihre Verbindung mit Rom*, &c.) with counter-statements from Dr. Todd or Haddan and Stubbs; but he nearly always conceals any bias he may have and leaves his readers to form their own conclusions.

Dr. Makower sees clearly, both as historian and jurist, that the Anglican principle of the Royal Supremacy has never involved a break in the continuity of the English Church, but, on the contrary, has all along been, and is, a witness to that continuity. A modern pope can erect Roman metropolitan chairs in whatever English cities he pleases, and insist that they shall remain there and never be moved elsewhere. But even a Gregory the Great was powerless to secure for the old Roman cities of London or York metropolitan jurisdiction over the new English Church. The English spirit, and the evolution of the English constitution of Church and State, were forces before which the Pope had to bend, and to which Gregory's successors were obliged to conform. The Bishop of London—the old Roman capital—and not the Bishop of Canterbury, in the judgment of the Roman Bishop, was the proper primate. The presence of the house of the Bishops of Canterbury at Lambeth, because the English primate must be in reach of the centre of the national life and movement, as Dr. Makower indicates, was a very early token of the contra-Roman tendency inherent from the first in the constitution of the Anglican Church, notwithstanding her debts to Rome. He shows how extremely few were the appeals from England to Rome before the Norman Conquest, and how insignificant. And not only so, but they were appeals of one party in the English Church against another; and “in allen diesen Fällen handelt es sich jedoch nicht um Entscheidungen eines *allseitig* anerkannten Gerichtes, sondern vielmehr um *einseitige* Anrufung einer fremden Macht, deren Entscheidung oder Vorstellungen vom andern Teil nicht als bindend anerkannt werden.” This was also true, he adds, of some of the cases of appeal to Rome after the Norman Conquest—an epoch of scarcely less importance in the development of the Church of England than the epoch between the Reformation and the Restoration—because the Norman rulers forced upon the conquered English those foreign conceptions of the relation of the Pope to national Churches to which they had been used in France. Yet even the Norman kings soon found themselves obliged to limit appeals from England to the Pope, and indeed to prohibit any appeal, until it had been examined and provided with a “*vorgängige königliche Erlaubnis*.” The author cites the complaint of Paschal II. to the King and the English bishops that they hindered the appeals of all the oppressed—the anti-Anglican “Nonconformist conscience” of the twelfth century—to the Roman Church (*ad Romanam ecclesiam*). It is to be noted that the “*ecclesia Romana*” and “*ecclesia Anglicana*” were still regarded as two distinct Churches, one more or less inferior and subject to the other as to a “*mater et domina*,” but not as an integral part of the other. Dr. Makower also points out that, under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, there was never the slightest confusion of the *potestas jurisdictionis* with the *potestas ordinis*, as “simple men deceived by the malicious” pretended; but in England “*Der König* [whether a William I. or a William IV.] ist in jeder Beziehung *Laie* geblieben, und hat kein auf die *Weihegewalt* beruhendes Recht,” conceded to him by the Church of England from St. Augustine to the present Primate. The English kings and Parliaments at most modified those customs and rules “evident unto all men” which the whole Church had, as the Church, herself originated and adopted. Thus it is taken for granted in the Edwardian Ordinal, and not prescribed, that the Archdeacon has “*das Recht und die Pflicht*” (§ 42, *Archidiacone*, pp. 328–333) to examine and present to the Bishop the candidates for ordination.

THE HALL OF WALTHEOF.

The Hall of Walthoe; or, the Early Condition and Settlement of Hallamshire. By Sidney Oldall Addy, M.A. Oxon. With Illustrations by William Keeling, Austin Winterbottom, and James Moore. London: David Nutt; Sheffield: Townsend & Son.

THE difficulties of the modern author in the selection of an appropriate title for his book are many, and his efforts to obtain one are often as pathetic as they are unsuccessful. The scribe of the Domesday Book says of Hallamshire, “*Ibi habuit Wallef comes aulam*”; and thereupon Mr. Addy seizes the phrase as the designation of an interesting book which deals with many things, earlier and later, but has very little definite to say about either Walthoe or his hall. Less than six pages out of nearly three hundred are devoted to the topic from which this goodly volume takes its name. Walthoe was executed by the Conqueror in 1075 for taking part with the English Danes against the Normans. Mr. Addy makes the interesting suggestion that he is the hero described in the old Northern lay of Righ, the Earl who awakened war, reddened the fields, felled the doomed, won himself lands, and ruled over eighteen townships. It is at least

a curious coincidence that Walthoe was lord of Sheffield and Attercliffe—the “inland” of the manor of Hallam, and of the sixteen berewicks mentioned, though not named, in Domesday. But the greatness of the Danish Earl did not shield him from the fury of the Norman, and even the site of his great hall is a matter of speculation.

The real scope of Mr. Addy's book is indicated by its sub-title. It is an attempt to show the significance of various relics of a remote past in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. He begins with a cinerary urn found at Crookes. The knife found with it reminds him of the description of a Gaulish banquet written by Posidonius the Stoic. They ate, he says, “rather after the fashion of lions,” and when they could not gnaw the flesh off the bones, they used little bronze knives, which were carried in separate sheaths by the side of the dagger. It is certainly appropriate that a prehistoric “thwittle” should be one of the most ancient relics now remaining of old Sheffield. Carl's Wark and various other earthworks and stone circles are mentioned. Mr. Addy thinks these latter were sometimes, not burial-places, but doom-rings—meeting-places of those open-air courts in which our ancestors exercised judicature or received judgment. And there are other evidences of the assemblies held for various purposes of local law and government. The discovery of the stone coffin of a child in the wall of the oldest portion of Treeton Church suggests some speculations as to the former custom of foundation sacrifice. The idea that the immolation of a living creature is necessary to the security of a great building is one very widely spread. That for this purpose the human being was first replaced by one of the lower animals, and then by some mere symbol, is at least probable; but it is somewhat startling to find such a custom associated with the building of Christian churches in our own country. The belief is not yet extinct, for when the Hooghly Bridge was built at Calcutta, the mass of the natives were firmly convinced that the British authorities intended to rest each pier on a layer of children's skulls. There are various traces of mythology to be found in place-names, though the subject is surrounded by pitfalls. The history of the “burgery” or corporation of Sheffield is interesting, and shows some curious survivals of that Socialistic spirit more fully evidenced by the earlier village communities. The land which the Sheffield freeholders had set apart for the maintenance of the Church and the priests was forfeited under Henry VIII. and restored by Mary on the faith of a claim which certainly included some misrepresentations. Thus, property in Old Change, London, left for buying a cross, and that the donor and her relations might be “the better remembered and prayed for,” was said to have been left for the repair of roads and bridges and the relief of the poor. Mr. Addy speculates as to various street-names. Campo Lane or the Camperfield Lane he translates football-players' lane, but the word *Campus*—still used in connexion with every American college—suggests a wider meaning. The street now called Haymarket was formerly known as the Bullstake.

“A Sheffield gentleman [says Mr. Addy] once told me that his father remembered the time when a bull was tied to a stake in this place, and baited by dogs, the owner of each dog paying a small sum to the owner of the bull. He further told me that a bull was baited in Sheffield, in order that the poor people might know that there was bull beef in the town, which beef was disliked on account of its toughness.”

The old idea was that the flesh of an unbaited bull was not fit for food. Strype, in detailing “the assize of a Bocher,” includes in it “that he sle no Boine flesh, but it be baited.” Mr. Addy connects the Sheffield “bull week” with early sacrificial customs. A number of Sheffield place-names are assigned by Mr. Addy to a Scandinavian origin. From “Jehu Lane” Mr. Addy is inclined to infer the existence of a small Jewish community in Sheffield before the banishment, for which he wrongly assigns the date of 1280—ten years too early. The Roman roads and other remains are discussed, and the finding of the Stannington diploma is made, together with sundry confused traditions, to support a theory of the existence there of a Roman villa. There is need and use for all these speculations, and although Mr. Addy's deductions may not all be confirmed, it is well to have them set forth as a basis for local and general discussion.

“In few other English districts [he says] has the hand of man so changed the old appearance of the country. On the western side of Hallamshire lands which little more than a hundred years ago were untitled moors, overspread by heather and broom and tenanted only by wandering tinkers, or by mere squatters, are now covered by big trees and exotic plants. But standing on the high ground of Crookes and surveying the far-reaching expanse of neat stone fences, and the trim and regular fields which rise one above another on the southern slope of Stannington, you would say that, saving a few old enclosures, this northern side of Hallamshire was a

waste newly cleared of its heather and claystone and just brought into cultivation. You would not think it was the place which the Roman chose for his villa or the great Northumbrian Earl for his hall.

This passage carries with it a double lesson for the local antiquary; that he should diligently examine the relics that still remain, and investigate the evidences supplied by documents and place-names, and that he should bring into play the scientific use of the imagination in realizing a picture of the past at once accurate and vivid.

The volume is handsome. The printing and illustrations are excellent, and the binding sober and appropriate.

FAMOUS ADVENTURES AND PRISON ESCAPES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War. Edited by G. W. Cable. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

"PRISON escapes" means, judging by analogy with fire-escape, some mechanical means provided for enabling such as are in durance to escape. This is not, however, a treatise for the benefit of prisoners, but a collection of stories, some of which are about escapes from prison. This is always a favourite subject with those who possess a healthy taste for adventure, and they may be safely recommended to take up the volume. Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison and the Escape of General Breckenridge are not unworthy to rank with the feats of Jack Sheppard, Trenck, and Casanova. Of course, we do not compare the persons, but only the acts. We have seen them all, we think, before, and their illustrations also, while turning over American magazines when we were "wearying for our dinner" or at some other idle moment. With these tales of escapes are mixed adventurous matter of other kinds, as, for example, some account of "Mosby's Rangers." To some tastes not the least interesting part of the book will be the "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South," which is edited—apparently rather severely—by Mr. Cable. The names are for obvious reasons suppressed or altered, but Mr. Cable answers for the authenticity of the Diary. It gives a really interesting account of what is commonly not easy to find—the background, so to speak, of the war. The lady who wrote the Diary was long settled in the South, though apparently not a Southerner. Her sympathies were entirely with the Federal side in the quarrel, but they did not interfere with her affection for her friends. The entries in the Diary prove how unpleasant could be the position of "a cat in a strange garret." She was subjected to much scolding, and many black looks, but apparently ill usage did not go beyond this point. Indeed, when she was to be married, at very short notice, and nothing was ready, the feminine camaraderie of her Southern friends overcame their dislike for her political principles, and they came in a body to help to sew her trousseau. In one unconsciously amusing passage she describes how glad she was when her husband found a place in the military administration at Vicksburg, though she had done her best to prevent him from volunteering into the Confederate ranks, which he was much pressed to do. This reminds us of the Quaker sailor who refused to fight when his ship was attacked by a privateer, but had no objection to serve out food and cartridges to the men at the guns. The Diary ends with the surrender of Vicksburg, which enabled the writer and her husband, who like herself was a Federalist, to join their own side. The writer gives a vivid and unaffected picture of the miseries of the siege. She also gives evidence that the slaves remained very quietly on the plantations and in the houses even when most of the white men had been drafted to the front—a pretty clear proof that they were not ill treated.

HINTS ON DRIVING.

Hints on Driving. By Captain C. Morley Knight, R.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

THOUGH nobody is likely to read this book for amusement, it is possible that it may accomplish its author's benevolent purpose of affording instruction to beginners in the art of driving. Theory and practice however are never further apart than on a coach-box; moreover if a man is sufficiently intelligent to understand and master from these pages the intricacies of *looping*, *pointing*, and other mysteries of the coaching business, most assuredly would he pick up this knowledge and save himself much weariness into the bargain by taking a few lessons from a professional. For to this complexion must he come at last—let

him read as much as he pleases—if he means to drive. In fact Captain Knight himself says, "After all, there is no way of learning to drive so instructive as sitting on the box-seat beside a first-class coachman, and carefully watching the movement of his hands," and there is no better bit of advice in this little volume, whose chief fault—besides dullness, which was perhaps inevitable—is that it is either too elementary or not elementary enough. If the pupil knows absolutely nothing about driving, it is presumable that he is also ignorant about harness and the component parts of coach or carriage, so it is no use talking to him of hames or pads, belly-bands, breeching, or bearing-reins, unless you at the same time teach him what these articles are. A groom would point out the paraphernalia of the harness-room in half an hour; a primer containing the necessary information would fill a shelf and take a month to read; indeed, the author himself will profit more than anybody else from such a text-book as this, since a man never knows anything so thoroughly as that the science of which he has put upon paper. It is to be wished too that Captain Knight could have refrained from the publishing of certain platitudes which the merest tiro must know by heart—such, for instance, as "There is a key to every horse's mouth if it can only be found"—an old saw which, though specious, is not exactly true, unless the dentist's key is the implement alluded to, for many horses have mouths so sore from neglected teeth that it is impossible for them to find any bit comfortable.

Nevertheless for those who do know a little, there are some very useful hints and reminders scattered throughout these pages. The management of the whip is most usefully described and dwelt upon, especially from a humanitarian point of view, so as to prevent the youthful driver inflicting with his fishing-rod too much misery on his unfortunate passengers.

Much stress is also laid on everything that can minister to horses' comfort in the performance of their task, which at best must be an unpleasant one with a beginner on the box:—"If possible try to find out what a horse likes and dislikes, so as to avoid irritating him," is as sound a maxim as any in stable-lore. And who will doubt that "the horn annoys many horses terribly"? No one, at any rate, who has heard the trumpeting that goes on in Pall Mall and Piccadilly morning and evening.

Again, as to the avoidance of constant pulling up in the streets, than which nothing wears out horses quicker, Captain Knight gives excellent counsel. Sitting on the box-seat of a 'bus he thinks the best way of taking an object-lesson, for 'busmen are about the best coachmen in the world, and if they did not cultivate eye so as to judge distance and pace, their horses, with the great weight they have to stop and start, would last no time at all. We would suggest that as a study of the worst no man can do better than go about London in hansoms; not one cab-driver in thirty has nowadays the smallest idea where there is or is not room, and their driving in crowded thoroughfares consists of a series of swaggering spurts, followed by abject surrender and jerking halts.

We cannot help thinking that Captain Knight's idea of converting an ordinary dog-cart into a curricule would prove in the long run more expensive than the purchase of a new vehicle, considering how cheaply second-hand carriages may often be picked up, the best plan of all probably being not to drive a curricule with four horses at all. The frontispiece to his book has a picture of such equipage, where, though the driver seems to be placed so as to have but little control over the wheelers, and none whatever over his leaders, yet he and his comrade, as far as can be judged from a most indifferent photograph, are calm and betray no signs of terror. It must be added that the horses are standing stock still within a barrack square, or some such well-enclosed space.

The author is eloquent on the charms of tandem-driving; but, as he does not say what is to be done when the leader turns round and stares the driver in the face, and as this incident is one of frequent occurrence, especially with the beginner, the omission is sufficiently grave to require comment. "Tandem," says Captain Knight, "is admirably adapted for ladies." It may be so; yet must it be remembered that there is an undeniable, though indefinable, vulgarity about this particular turn-out, accentuated rather than softened by a woman on the driving seat.

The last chapter, which deals with breaking horses to harness, is good enough in its way, though we doubt if novices have often the desire to break anything but their own and their friends' necks, or having it would adopt any but "the Honourable Crasher's" system, which if we rightly remember consisted in letting the horse stand in the stables for a couple of hours with the harness on him, and afterwards walking him in the same gear twice round a grass field; he was then considered ready for a night

drive with a companion whose education has commenced and ended at the same time as his own. There is much to be said for this method on the score of simplicity.

One invaluable piece of advice is given here and elsewhere in the book—always to lead out a horse or hold him by the nose-band, by a halter, or indeed by almost anything but the bit. Captain Knight would have added to the obligation by informing his readers where to find a groom who could be persuaded that hanging on to a horse's mouth does not, above all things, soothe and comfort him.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The Great Pyramid. Translated from the French of M. Charles Lagrange. With a Secret Note by C. Piazzzi Smyth. London: Baruel. 1894.

TO many people it will come as a surprise that the Pyramid theories of the late Astronomer Royal of Scotland are still in existence. Since Dr. Flinders Petrie accomplished his epoch-making survey, now some fourteen years ago, both he and many other investigators have been at work in Egypt; and every single fact, whether discovered by Dr. Petrie, by Dr. Wallis Budge, by Mr. Norman Lockyer, by the members of the Egypt Exploration Fund, or any other explorer, has gone to prove more and more clearly the absolute futility of the unsupported speculations on which Dr. Smyth's grotesque views were founded. That an eminent Belgian astronomer, M. Lagrange, should have revived them warns us that we are all fallible. This is not overstating the case. We accidentally opened the volume at page 233, and the following caught our eye:—"A Numerical Relation between Jacob's Pillow, now in Westminster, and the Great Pyramid." This is the heading, and the writer goes on, "showing that the Anglo-Saxons possess in London a material sign of their Identity." Why does M. Lagrange neglect London Stone? If the Coronation Stone has a history, why not the stone at St. Swithin's Church? London Stone can, it seems, be traced back beyond the time of "the Anglo-Saxons." Jacob's Pillow only came in with Edward I. But the great drawback to reading such a book as this is the demoralizing effect it produces on the mind. Facts are rare and fancies become facts. M. Lagrange wishes to prove something, and thereupon takes it as proved. The wish is proof. The Pillow of Westminster is duly measured in pyramid inches. We thought pyramid inches had retired. Their greatest peculiarity was found to be that they never occurred in the Great Pyramid. Lord Grimthorpe long ago disposed of such theories as M. Lagrange's in a single sentence. In *A Book on Building* he remarks, "The idea that a building was designed to perpetuate a measure which it exhibits absolutely nowhere, and a multitude of other things as multiples of it . . . savours more of Zadkiel's Prophetic Almanac than of real astronomy or mathematics."

M. Lagrange in another delightful Appendix sets out to find Eden. The chapter is headed "Eden, the Great Pyramid, and the Stone of Destiny (Jacob's Pillow, Westminster), the Bounds of History." By a manipulation wholly arbitrary, of course, of figures chosen or invented for the purpose, M. Lagrange finds "the displacement of the secular meridian in t years." It is at Westminster. The true position cannot be other than the Stone of Destiny, "a mute yet speaking witness, brought forth and placed there long ago, to be reached by the meridian in the latter days." If this sort of thing was meant for fooling, it would not be very good fooling. Meant for sober earnest it is rather sad. But we have not got to Eden. Eden is $42^{\circ} 16'$ east of Greenwich, at the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris. Has M. Lagrange ever heard of the *Thesaurus Novus* of Paludanus? If not, it may be recommended to his notice. Paludanus, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, states positively that Alexander the Great undertook his eastern expedition in order to find the earthly Paradise. He got near it—perhaps to 41° east of Greenwich—but never into it; and one day in a remote valley his soldiers found an old man who said, "Go and tell your King he will never find Eden. The way to it is a way of humility, a way of which he knows nothing." It may be objected that Paludanus is not a trustworthy authority; but, if not, what about a gentleman who would have us believe, without a shadow of proof, that the laws of population are regulated by the Great Pyramid; that a diagram of the pyramid "teaches the essential truths of salvation"; that it proves the Identity—with a big I—of England with the lost tribes of Israel, and that certain Anglo-Saxons are descended from the royal house of Judah? This last point is gravely mentioned as a recent discovery. Surely Paludanus is truth itself in comparison. M. Lagrange finally sums up the evidence afforded by the measurements of the Great Pyramid (is it impertinent to ask why it is always the Great Pyramid? the pyramid of Sakkarah

is far older, and so is the pyramid of Maydoom) as follows:—The period of Great Britain terminates the history of humanity begun at the Deluge. This history consists of a succession of ten powers or chief nations, of whom the first nine have successively fallen. They were the Noachians (about whose time the Flood occurred), the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Franks, the Popes, and the French. The kind of reasoning employed is not very easily characterized, as it is full of mathematical and algebraical formulas; but here is a fair specimen:—"The Great Step, of which the length BX, where the horizontal floor of the English period begins, is equal to the sum of the Hebrew cubit and the English yard (subdivided into these two units by point E), indicates clearly that this period concerns both Israel and England." Is it possible to imagine anything more arbitrary or absurd? We might be disposed to describe such unfounded theories as lunacy, but that it is a delusion so widespread. The Anglo-Israelite theory is a belief with thousands of our fellow-countrymen. As to the cult of the Great Pyramid, it takes M. Lagrange into regions of religious fervour that would be correctly described as blasphemous but for the evident seriousness and good faith of the writer.

RULING CASES.

Ruling Cases. By Robert Campbell, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Advocate of the Scotch Bar, and late Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; assisted by other Members of the Bar. With American Notes by Irving Browne, formerly Editor of "The American Reports" and "The Albany Law Journal." Vol. I. London: Stevens & Sons, Limited. Boston, U.S.A.: The Boston Book Company. 1894.

THE editors of *Ruling Cases* entertain the ambitious design of stating the whole of the law of England as far as it depends on decided cases under some two hundred and fifty alphabetically arranged titles. No one who takes any interest in the mysteries of law-book making can fail to wish them all success; and if the contemplated series may be correctly judged of by the first volume, the wish has a fair chance of being fulfilled. Smith's *Leading Cases* is, no doubt, the model with which lawyers will compare the labours of Mr. Campbell and his colleagues, and a very good model too. A "ruling case" is copied, generally verbatim, from the highest obtainable source of authority, and has appended a note containing a brief account of the previous cases which it has affected and the subsequent ones which are derived from it. So far the modern arrangers, as they seem to call themselves, follow their model, with the natural difference that, as their work is new, and Mr. Smith's is, for a law book, very old, their proportion of notes to text is far smaller than his. In other respects, however, there are essential differences between the two books. In Smith's *Leading Cases* sixty-five cases are reported, and as much as possible of the rest of the Common Law of the country is attached to them as notes. The fact, therefore, that the work is still one of the best books of its kind is not due to the arrangement of its contents. Mr. Campbell, on the other hand, bases the order of his work on, and groups his ruling cases according to, the subject-matter of the decision. The consequence is that the practitioner may hope to find the cases he needs with as much ease as he would in a book which professes to be primarily an index, such as Fisher's *Digest*. It is to be hoped that another result of this scientific arrangement will be that in future years Mr. Campbell, and ultimately his successors in office, will be able to reduce and add cases from and to the rank of ruling cases without in any way interfering with the general scheme of the work. This is a point of the greatest importance, as the complete series is to consist of some twenty-five volumes, and is no doubt intended to form a *corpus juris*, as far as decided cases are concerned, in a smaller space than that occupied even by Revised Reports.

The first and most important of Mr. Campbell's duties is obviously the selection of titles under which to arrange his cases, and the reader will notice with some surprise that there are in the present volume only ten titles, divided occasionally into different sections, and ranging from "Abandonment" to "Action." This seems, as we have said above, to indicate that two hundred and fifty titles will comprise the whole of the law; it may be that titles will be more numerous in other volumes, or it may be that such a book as Fisher's *Digest* contains fewer titles than a cursory inspection would lead one to suppose; but no doubt Mr. Campbell aims at having as few titles as possible. As far as he has gone at present, there is no ground for complaint that any titles are omitted, though, rather to our regret, he seems to avoid titles consisting of cross-references, which may be unscientific, but are certainly convenient. The title on "Action" is a good example of the method adopted for subdividing a subject. It

contains six sections and nineteen ruling cases, occupying 308 pages. The sections are admirably conceived, and the contents of the second especially, headed "For Cause affecting the Public," must have given a great deal of trouble before they were marshalled into their proper order. The arrangement of different cases under their respective titles is a subject on which there will naturally be more difference of opinion. No judgment on the point which is not founded on actual experience is of much real value. But the case of *Jacobs v. Crédit Lyonnais* can hardly be in its right place under the title "Accident"; the greater part of the judgment deals with the effect of foreign law on a contract made abroad, one paragraph only being relevant to the avoidance of a contract by the occurrence of an accident. A cross-reference or an excerpt would have been more useful than the complete report, which occupies some eight pages. *Lumley v. Gye* and *Chasemore v. Richards* come under "Action," which will cause a blank or a repetition in "Master and Servant" and "Water," which we presume are two forthcoming titles. The difficulty of cross-references, however, is one which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with in a work calculated to be published in twenty-five volumes and some six years. We had always imagined that the subject matter of *Crosby v. Long* and its appurtenances was more mysterious than Mr. Campbell makes it out to be, and his account of it does not convince us that we were wrong. *Anderson v. Hamlin*, 25 Q.B.D. 221, is a small case, but important for its size; and we hope that in his next edition Mr. Campbell may find room for it somewhere about p. 682. We have discovered only one misprint—it occurs in the last sentence on p. 256, and is trifling in the extreme.

Taking the book as the first of a series, the general scheme appears to be excellent, and its execution reflects the greatest credit on everybody concerned. It may, indeed, be said to constitute, for the present, the high-water mark of the science of book-making. The arrangement of the titles is empirical; but the greatest skill and judgment were needed for—and have, fortunately, been shown in—the work inside the titles. Mr. Campbell cites *Comyn's Digest* and *Saunders's Reports* as his examples; we have ventured to suggest a third; but circumstances have altered sufficiently since the publication of the last of these standard works to enable us to say without offence that the modern need of scientifically arranged depositories of the law has produced both the author and the publisher. A modern practising barrister will consult *Comyns* in the last resort; if he fails there he will, if he can, depute a pupil to search *Williams's Saunders*. Ruling cases will certainly not want much searching. The authority will probably be there, but it may not be; in either case, a very few minutes will put an end to the doubt. We have mentioned Mr. Campbell as the person chiefly responsible for the work; but Mr. Irving Browne is associated with him on the title-page, as being responsible for the American notes appended to each case. They seem careful, and are no doubt as correct as the English notes. They may do something to dispel the prejudice undoubtedly felt by English lawyers against American authorities. From motives partly of mere laziness, and partly of a more creditable kind, we rather hope it may be otherwise, but we gather that they are inserted largely for the benefit of Transatlantic readers. We cannot refrain from noticing the binding, paper, and printing of Vol. I. They are all admirable, and all produced at Cambridge, U.S.A.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

La science du point d'honneur, commentaire raisonné sur l'offense, le duel, ses usages et sa législation en Europe, &c., avec pièces justificatives. Par A. Croabbon, avocat. 1^{re} partie. Paris: Librairies-imprimeries réunies, 1894.

THE unwritten law of the Point of Honour is a subject which for several generations already has ceased to offer any practical interest to Englishmen. Yet it is one of which it were futile to dismiss the consideration as uninteresting merely because the duel, as an honourable obligation, is no longer with us. Every man who, on the Continent, aspires to being considered as a gentleman—in the particular sense of that untranslatable word which corresponds to *galant homme*—must hold himself ready to fight duels, and in so doing looks upon the ultimate arbitrament of arms in precisely the same manner as did our own grandsires—namely, as an obligation the virtue of which is not to be discussed.

We are now fortunate enough to have succeeded in clearing our social life of an institution very uncertain in its working, an institution which, to counterbalance the theoretical good it may on rare occasions be able to achieve, shows throughout its whole history an appalling potentiality for mischief. But we must remember

that it was only by the most stringent application of the law in this country, at a period not yet so far distant from us, and at the cost of hardship to many honourable men who found themselves ground in the conflict between the law of "honour" and the law of the land, that we managed to extirpate the "ulcerous growth" in our own social institutions.

And, even under our modern social conditions, the case cannot but occur and recur in which a man of spirit must bitterly regret, at the moment, that all possibility of openly staking his body for the redress of private wrongs has been taken from him. And thus many Englishmen look upon foreign prejudices in favour of duelling, if not with sympathetic, at least with indulgent, eyes.

The literature of duelling, as every one knows who has ever dipped into the subject, is enormous. If any particular proof were wanting of the utter artificiality of the duel as a social phenomenon (in contradistinction to merely impulsive fighting which will always remain essentially human), it would be the existence of the hundreds of pseudo-philosophical treatises on the "Point of Honour" which have been lucubrated, in almost every European tongue, from the sixteenth century down to the present day. A small percentage of these are devoted, it is true, to the exposition of the fallacy and the wickedness of the traditional theory that, among men of honour, a pair of swords or a case of pistols are the only acceptable arbiters in the settlement of private wrongs. But the immense majority of writers on the question of "Honour" has always consisted of men of the sword or experts with saw-handle and hair-trigger, who dealt with their subject in the spirit of strong partisanship.

M. Croabbon has struck a comparatively novel line in the elaboration of his treatise, *La science du point d'honneur*. This is a very remarkable work. M. Croabbon is first and above all things a lawyer, and whilst recognizing and clearly defining the antagonism between the actual law of the land and the alleged human right of "privately avenging a certain class of private wrong for which no legal redress is adequate," he devotes his professional discernment to the analysis of every imaginable cause and of every point which bears on the question of regularity and fairness in illegal encounters.

This analysis, in so far as broad principles are concerned, is conducted from the standpoint of French opinion. The book being chiefly addressed to French readers, this is but natural. But the system of investigation is applicable to the legislation of every country that tolerates duelling in any form. For nowhere in Europe is the duel legally recognized as an intrinsic right, technically supported by public opinion in different degrees. In France, even if it is, duelling is an indictable offence, but the judgment passed upon the delinquent is liable to be modified to the utmost extent by attendant circumstances.

Admitting, therefore, that under given circumstances duelling is inevitable, and to a certain extent tolerated, the existence of a complete, succinct, and authoritative book of reference certainly seems to be a desideratum.

The task of compiling such a book—enormous, if one comes to examine its multiple character—has been undertaken by M. Croabbon with a full understanding of its difficulty, and, as far as it has yet been carried, with unqualified success. The author proposes to extend his investigation concerning the duel, its rules, and the responsibilities—penal, pecuniary, and religious—it entails, to all civilized countries. Such a vast encyclopedia of the Science of Honour would, we imagine, hardly interest the practical duellist; but the author's ultimate aim is philosophical. It is his intention to compare the unwritten laws of duelling and the actual legislation bearing on the same in various countries, and "to draw therefrom some rational conclusion, and mayhap find in this conclusion the embryo of some kind of international legislation on the Point of Honour."

The first volume, however, is complete in itself. The headings of the five parts into which it is divided will suffice to give an idea of its scope.

The first treats of offences (in the honourable sense) and of duelling customs. On this subject, says the writer, "A uniform method, based upon the substitution of written custom (as represented by Chateauevillard and his collaborators) for oral traditions and individual consultations, has served us as guide, and gives a special authority to our work." The exposition of this method fills no less than fifty-seven chapters.

The second part deals with "the Penal responsibilities" of principals and seconds; and the sixteen chapters devoted to the exploration are intended to enable the intending duellists to "combine the means of attenuating the legal punishment which menaces them."

The third, under the rubric of Civil responsibility, explains in five chapters the penalties affecting the purses of the same persons

and the fourth considers the religious prohibition pronounced by the Catholic and reformed Churches. In the fifth is examined the nature of the duel out of France, from the double point of view of its customs and its repression.

Under the title of *pièces justificatives*, M. Croabbon has collected what might be termed the anecdotic portion of his work. It consists of a hundred and fifteen modern instances gathered from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, the *Annuaire du Duel*, and *procès-verbaux* published in daily papers; these, however, are not considered (and the writer is especially anxious that this should be understood) from any dramatic or picturesque point of view, but merely as typical examples, affording each a special opportunity for illustrative comments.

As a result of such exhaustive research in the working of the duel and its various phases, it is rather curious to note a very definite sympathy on the writer's part for the modern English view of the question. For it is certainly with very definite approval that, in his chapter on the "Rules of Duelling in England," M. Croabbon expatiates on the great repressive influence of public trials and pecuniary compensation, as compared with that of personal redress.

Nothing but praise can be meted to the admirably methodical manner in which the author has carried out his plan and to his singular precision of style.

COCK LANE AND COMMON SENSE.

Cock Lane and Common Sense. By Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans & Co.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S ghost-book is, like almost all his work, brilliant in writing and discrimination, and, like some of his work, has curious lapses; by which we infer by no means the old allusion to rocket and stick, but rather that the set pieces and cascades have not been arranged with sufficient expertness. In other words, we cannot but regret that Mr. Lang did not consult experts on questions as to which only experts, not always even experts, can give an opinion worth listening to. To state an instance of what we mean, M. Buatier de Kolta puzzled all the experts in London for a long time with more than one of his tricks, given under stage conditions—that is one thing; another thing is that men of science, learning, letters, and all the rest, are notoriously ignorant of a very simple fact. It is very seldom that a witness in a court of justice does not leave out the important fact of what he has seen; and he leaves it out in perfect good faith. It is very seldom that a man who has seen a conjuring trick does not leave out the important fact of what he has seen; and he leaves it out in perfect good faith.

Thus, Mr. Lang, in discussing the feat of suspension in the air, seems to side partly with the mystics. The secret of the trick is very well known, and was brought to Europe from India centuries ago.

Mr. Lang's contention, as we understand it from other writings of his, as well as from this particular one, appears to be, that there are cases in which no trickery has been discovered. Very well; in the report of those cases there is some piece of evidence missing, and "there's an end on't." For the rest, let all folk who love stories admirably told, and lore admirably expressed, read Mr. Lang's book for themselves. It is a capital piece of work.

THE MOTHS OF INDIA.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burmah. Edited by W. T. Blandford. *Moths.* Vol. II. By G. F. Hampson. London: Taylor & Francis. (Published under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council.)

IT will evidently be an extremely long story to tell of the moths of India; already one volume has appeared, and the second, which we notice here, contains 609 pages. The author speaks of a third volume which is to be published shortly, and more vaguely of the remainder of this work. Upon one matter, at least, the author is to be congratulated; he is so reasonably prompt in the production of his volumes that an appendix, due to any possible rectification of frontier, is not probable. We have already remarked upon volume one of this excellent faunistic list, and need not therefore recur to its more general features, except to say that the highly commendable standard of the author's and the printer's work is evenly maintained. The moths of India seem to have been more unfortunate than those of many other parts of the world in their names; such barbarous terms as "Barasa," "Churia," and "Blenina" freely occur; it is true that they are less offensive in length, and perhaps easier to pronounce, than "Chrysorabdia" or "Mimeusemia," but in the naming of animals

the classics ought to be strictly adhered to. The multitude of species is, however, now so inordinate that possibly there is a commencing exhaustion of the combinations and permutations of classical words. It is just to add that Mr. Hampson, as an Oxford man should, is careful to restrict himself to the Latin and Greek languages when he is compelled to give a new name. This compulsion has frequently occurred in the production of the volume; we note that a very large percentage of the moths have been described by Mr. Hampson either here or elsewhere. This renders him particularly well qualified to write the book, which is on that account freed from any suspicion of being a compilation.

This second volume deals with the three important families of the Arctiidae, Agastidae, and Noctuidae. Included in these families are 1,544 species found in the regions whose fauna is set forth. The enormous numbers of insects renders their study extremely difficult. The vast multitude of facts is almost impossible to grapple with, and, in consequence, most of the work done in entomology is little more than the description of new forms. In all probability this is the wisest course for the present; it is evidently premature to attempt much in the way of putting things together. Indeed, we think that Mr. Hampson is a little rash in this volume—as we thought in reviewing the first—when he indicates the inter-relationship of some of the groups. It would have been better, also, to have given rather more space to detailing the reasons for the conclusions arrived at. A dozen extra pages would not have unduly distended the volume.

The most interesting of the three families which Mr. Hampson treats of are the Agastidae. These moths do not conform to the popular idea of a moth in that they are day fliers, and are moreover brightly coloured. A further point of resemblance to butterflies is to be found in the fact that the antennae swell slightly towards the tip, the butterflies being, of course, all distinguished by the swollen extremity of these organs. These moths are entirely confined to the Old World, and chiefly to that part of the Old World which is dealt with in the volume before us. It often happens that a race of animals living in one part of the world has its almost exact counterpart in a distant region of the world which nevertheless enjoys a similar climate and physical conditions generally. These Agastidae afford an excellent example. In the tropical parts of the New World, which are, in climate and scenery, not unlike the parts of the Old World where Agastidae are met with, there exists another family—the Castniidae—also brilliantly coloured and day fliers. One is disposed to see in this the effect of similar conditions of life. Mr. Hampson, however, does not deal with this or any kindred questions. He confines himself to full definitions of species and genera. From such careful accumulations of fact the solution of many problems will undoubtedly proceed.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Alfred de Vigny et la poésie politique. Par L. Dorison. Paris: Perrin.
Seconds essais sur Balzac. Par Paul Flat. Paris: Plon.
Les lundis d'un chercheur. Par le Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul.
Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Les morticoles. Par Léon A. Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.
En pique-nique 1894. Paris: Armand Colin.
Le million du Père Raclot. Par Emile Richebourg. London: Arnold.

WE suppose that the first three volumes on our list would be written down in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, as books of literary criticism. But we must own that, though the kind of the first two may be a higher kind than that of the third, the execution and individual value of the third seem to us to rank it infinitely above the others. What M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul is all students of modern French literature ought to know. He is the most untiring, the most successful, the most liberal, and the most unpretentious of bibliographers. His merits are as great as those of *le doux Asselineau*, and his means are apparently much greater. If you want to know when anything that the great men of the middle of this century wrote first appeared, you go to M. de Lovenjoul, and he tells you, and, as appears from hundreds of books, makes you welcome to publish it. If you want to know what they meant (or said they meant) to publish, and did not, he is equally your man. We do not in all respects share his tastes—we rank, we confess, the book a good deal above information about the birth and fortunes of the book. But sometimes information of the kind is really important, and rather oftener it is really interesting. If it is to be secured, it must be by some one giving himself the trouble to hunt up many things which are not intrinsically, or from the strictly literary view, interesting at all. And when the hunters, instead of being, as they too

commonly are, jealous of their discoveries, inordinately appreciative of their own mission, and so forth, are so courteous and so communicative as M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, then literary history may congratulate herself upon them.

M. Dorison and M. Flat, on the other hand, aim higher—they essay to provide the full æsthetic-dogmatic criticism, and not merely the examination of the document. But they seem to us to have fallen into two modern errors—to have forgotten that criticism should be in comparison brief, summary, *resserré*, and to have forgotten also that every shot of its battery should tell, that it should not shoot “at rovers,” should not indulge itself in unlimited divagation and dawdling. These errors are very rife both in France and England just now. A man with us writes a volume where his father would have written a Quarterly essay of forty pages. M. Dorison gives his French readers a whole book, some two or three hundred pages, on what he is pleased to call the “political poems” of Vigny—that is to say, almost entirely on those Posthumous Verses which, even with “Paris” added, fill not quite 120 tiny pages in the *Petite bibliothèque Charpentier*. This is, no doubt, partly done by large print and lines leaded, so that there are barely twenty of them to the page. But it is still more done by indulgence in the endless dissertation, the woolly gabble about Symbolism and Socialism, and any number of the other isms which are the idols to which our present-day Ephraim is joined. Vigny was really a great poet, and among this later work the great address of Nature (though, to a certain extent imitated from, or at least inspired by, Lucretius) is one of the noblest and most majestic efforts of modern pessimist poetry. But the main thought in it is as thin and as old as the hair of an octogenarian, and there is no other thought worth mentioning to be found in it or its neighbours. Balzac, on the other hand, every one admits to be not only a great subject, but a large one. Still, M. Flat’s volume is, it will be observed, his second on the same subject, and it may further be observed that it is not made up in the legitimate way by successive single studies on separate works, but is all taken up with the same sort of “gabble” (we must disclaim any offensive or disobliging intention, but we know no other word) about Balzac’s mysticism, Balzac’s anti-individualism, Balzac’s thisism and thatism and anythingism. It must also be said that M. Flat suffers from that very worst disease of the critic—the inability to like things that are different. Dumas, he says, for instance, and says it in different places, used to be put on a level with Balzac, but he is “aujourd’hui bien oublié.” Now, in the first place, that is not true, as any French bookseller would have told M. Flat; and, in the second place, if it were true, it would only prove that those who have forgotten Dumas are fools. Is it quite hopeless that criticism may one day come to admit that it is possible to like claret without utterly damning burgundy?

With M. Léon Daudet’s motto, “Science sans conscience est la ruine de l’âme” we sympathize thoroughly, and we could dismiss as an amiable tribute to an old family friend his rather surprising dedication to M. de Goncourt, as “le glorieux patron des lettres françaises.” Or was *glorieux* used in the sense of *Destouches*? Also there is, we believe, much to be said for his ferocious satire in *Les morticoles* on certain exaggerations and abuses of medical science and practice. But the book is out of scale. Three hundred and fifty pages, and very well packed pages (each containing about three times as much matter as M. Dorison’s, just noted), is far too much for a satire on hospital practice, couched in a form which strongly suggests a *livre à clef*, and presenting, with rare exceptions, a monotonous picture of suffering, cruelty, and every form of disgust. Passages are distinctly good, and show that the son has inherited his father’s talent, but we cannot approve the whole.

We have also, we think, seen better “pic-nic” volumes from the *Société des gens de lettres* than that for 1894, though it includes work from MM. Zola, Theuriet, Jules Simon, Aurélien Scholl, and Jean Aicard, besides several “youngsters” of distinction. There are certainly good things in it. M. Simon’s account of Renan’s confession that he ought to—nay, that he certainly would—go to purgatory is good, and we quite agree with the defunct. It is lucky for him that there are so many Breton saints, or he might go less far (Dantesquely speaking) and fare worse. M. Montagne’s account of “Le premier chat de Paul de Kock” is also good. But some (by no means all) of the others do not seem to us quite up to the mark.

M. Boiello has edited, for Mr. Arnold, Richebourg’s *Million du Père Raclot*. The book is well suited for the purpose of school reading, and we are extremely glad to see that, in his notes, M. Boiello has set himself the task of aiding the study of the dictionary, and not that of superseding it.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BASED on official records, though without claiming to possess any official authority, is Mr. Horace Bell’s useful volume on the history of railway enterprise in India—*Railway Policy in India* (Rivington, Percival, & Co.)—in which, while dealing both with questions of policy as affecting the State railways of India and with Indian railways, from the engineer’s standpoint, Mr. Bell abstains from all criticism of Government policy. Unauthoritative though it be, in the special sense disclaimed by the writer, the book is not the less a work of authority and value, since Mr. Bell, as consulting engineer for the Indian Government lines, is able to utilize the results and experiences of the past, as set forth in official documents. As a history of the subject his book will be found, we do not doubt, interesting reading by others than engineers. Historically viewed, railway enterprise in India is nearly contemporaneous with railway enterprise in England. As early as 1843, at the beginning of the great “railway mania,” there were projects of Indian lines put forth by a Company headed by Sir Macdonald Stephenson. As in England, the railway promoter was held in favour, even with the “Honourable Board” in Leadenhall Street, in spite of the exciting conditions of political affairs in India. There was, in fact, no lack of proposals for railway construction. On the other hand, there were, of course, plenty of Jeremiahs prophesying woe and failure. The most amusingly varied objections were urged, even by men of ability, based upon what Mr. Bell calls “the crudest conceptions,” though at the time the absurdity of the objectors was not easily to be demonstrated. There was, it need not be said, something of a battle of the gauges, though it raged not as it did in England. The history of this matter forms one of the most interesting sections of Mr. Bell’s volume. But with these features in common with the contemporary development of railways in England, promoters of railways in India worked in conditions widely divergent from those at home. It was assumed from the first by the Directors of the East India Company in their despatch to the Governor-General, in response to the formal proposals of the first India Railway Company, that railways in India must deal mainly with goods traffic. It was supposed that there could be little passenger traffic, when this proposed line from Calcutta towards Allahabad was suggested in 1845. Mr. Bell may well describe this assumption as “singular,” as the line promoted was to run 140 miles through one of the most densely populated countries in the world. The contest as to the exact terms of State guarantee and control was prolonged, and it was not until 1853 that a large scheme of railways was approved by the Court of Directors, and two years before the outbreak of the Mutiny Lord Dalhousie’s scheme of railways was being actively carried out. Up till the year 1869 the “construction and working of Indian railways was left entirely to companies under some form of guarantee.” This period represents the first of the three “phases” of Railway Policy in India, of which Mr. Bell treats. From 1870 to 1880 nearly all new lines were made by the direct agency of the Government and with State funds. A third phase was then entered upon, and has continued until now, when the operations of the State and of assisted Companies have gone on together. It was under the second, or State-made railway policy, that the “metre” gauge was introduced, the total mileage of which is now (1892) only a trifle under 3,000 miles less than that of the old “standard” gauge of five feet and a half. In an appendix Mr. Bell gives full particulars of Government “dimensions” to be observed on Indian railways, with illustrative diagrams.

The accomplished lady whose life and writings are worthily commemorated in *Memoirs of Anne C. L. Botta* (New York; Selwin, Tait, & Sons; London: Isbister & Co.), a comely volume from the De Vinne Press, was for many years a prominent figure in American literary and artistic circles. Under her maiden name, Anne Lynch, most of Mrs. Botta’s writings were published, and both as an author and through her personal example and character she exercised considerable influence. It may be said that all were her friends who had once experienced the charm of her conversation. The many tributes to her worth collected in the present memorial volume testify in eloquent terms to the unvarying sentiment of devotion and affection she inspired. The names of some of her correspondents, of whose letters a selection is given—Willis, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Kossuth, Emerson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Fanny Kemble, Frederika Bremer, George Ticknor—suffice to show the varied interests of her life, and the extent of her relations with the world of politics and letters. Her first volume of poems achieved great success and was warmly praised by Poe. At her evening receptions, which soon became famous, it was customary to diversify conversation with dance and recitation, and it was at one of Miss Lynch’s “even-

ings," as Mrs. Ewer records, that Poe read for the first time his "Raven." Willie, who was one of her oldest friends, speaks of her "sweet geniality and unconscious fountainizing of bright and pleasant things." In this characteristic observation of the American Leigh Hunt the source of her social influence is not inaptly indicated. We do not find, by the way, in the selection of poems in this volume the two poems which secured Poe's cordial approbation. What is selected here, however, proves that she was not a writer of verse for verse's sake, through mere facility, but was possessed of the poet's gifts. Her affinity to Felicia Hemans, whose poetry is now most unjustly underrated, is clearly established by these selections. It might be assumed by some that her appreciation of poetry was not that of a poet, because in one of her letters she confesses that she can make nothing of Matthew Arnold's "New Sirens," while in another she quotes Mrs. Hemans with admiration. But an examination of her poetry, as a whole, would, we think, correct so hasty an assumption.

People who cannot, for lack of time, or who will not, for lack of courage or training, study the Blue Books of the Royal Commission of Labour, may be grateful to Mr. T. G. Spyers for his handy epitome—*The Labour Question* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)—of the evidence and the report of the Commission. The mere sifting of so enormous a mass of "evidence" is no light task, as, indeed, is clearly suggested by the portentous list of publications—minutes of evidence, reports, and so forth—of the Royal Commission, which Mr. Spyers prints in his appendix.

Another recent addition to Messrs. Sonnenschein's "Social Science" series is the English edition of Signor Francesco Nitti's *Population and the Social System*, a work that comprises a compact epitome, or historical review, of the various theories of population propounded by economists during the last hundred years—that is, from the famous *Essay on the Principle of Population* of Malthus to the present day. Malthus is a writer who is now much more written about than read. Signor Nitti, however, shows throughout his historical sketch a just appreciation of the work and influence of Malthus. His excellent preliminary retrospect on the "Historic Causes of the Economic Theories of Population" recognizes the importance of the work in all its bearings of the amiable clergyman who was a Revolutionist, though he knew it not, and the last words of his final summary of the question acknowledge the significance of the place of Malthus among economists. Perhaps Signor Nitti insists too much on the "pessimism" of Malthus, considering how greatly Malthus modified the views put forth in the first edition of his essay. It is true, however, that it was the first form of the essay that inspired so many Continental writers, and thus in any account of the history of the Malthusian theory the first form of that famous tract must necessarily be prominent.

No better initiative volume in an interesting enterprise could have been chosen than Miss Marjory Wardrop's translation of Mingrelian and Georgian tales—*Georgian Folk Tales* (David Nutt)—which forms the first volume of Mr. Alfred Nutt's happily named "Grimm Library," a projected series of folklore monographs which is to include new material in the form of stories and critical discussion of exciting material. Translations from languages inaccessible to the majority of students will impart to the "Grimm Library" a special distinction in the eyes of English readers. Miss Wardrop has worked a rich mine in her book of Georgian folklore, and one that is entirely fresh to English readers. The three sections of her attractive collection of tales—Georgian, Mingrelian, and Gurian—reveal considerable divergencies of style and character; differences that are not, as the translator rightly observes, due to geographical position alone. The stories are exceedingly interesting, and many are richly suggestive, in analogies, with both Western and Eastern folklore.

The more noteworthy of Mr. Allan Monkhouse's essays, *Books and Plays* (Mathews & Lane), treat of the characteristics of two writers of fiction, Mr. George Meredith and Turgeneff, who in certain respects—for instance, in literary style—possess few qualities in common. Among the "popular qualities" of the Russian master Mr. Monkhouse indicates "the charm of strangeness" in his subject matter, and he fails not to note that he is "a very clear writer." Turgeneff, in short, may be said to exemplify what Mr. Monkhouse considers is most excellent in style. He has the power of saying forcibly and completely what he means to say. As the essayist puts it, that style is the best which gives to ideas full and proper expression. Everybody will agree with Mr. Monkhouse in feeling that Mr. Meredith's style is not a matter to be approached with a light heart. Decidedly, Mr. Meredith is not a very clear writer. But we may all agree, whether or not we are at one with the essayist in his whole-hearted admiration of Mr. Meredith's prose and

verse, with the conclusion that "whatever may be said of Mr. Meredith's style—and it has sometimes been thought an ill-favoured thing—it is assuredly his own." There is none like it, none—a true lover's sentiment is Mr. Monkhouse's—and it is described and analysed from the true lover's standpoint in the opening essay of this little book. There is not a little genuine insight, as well as deep sympathy, in Mr. Monkhouse's criticism. There is also a delightful ingenuity, at times, as in the passage (pp. 17, 18) wherein he would show that the Meredithian use of metaphor and analogy, the Pelion-on-Ossa accumulations, indications, inferences, denote no "idle or barren habit."

The New Werther, by David Simpson Graham (H. K. Allenson), is a wild and inchoate romance, apparently dealing with the history of one Walderne Godbold, "embryo reformer," who "gripped the protean false god of the Mart, the deity with the secrets of the Street, and sternly bade the Oracle forth; seeking to know the world." Nothing, it would seem, results from the warfare of the strenuous Walderne. People thought him mad, which is not surprising, since "he seldom spoke, and his eyes shone with a rolling frenzy, as he stared cloudward." He kept a Journal, and relieved his anguished soul by verse, of which we give a specimen, entitled "'Vox Humana'—an impression only"—

Turmoil of the organ
The rolling sound—thunderous crackling—
The wrath of it, and wrangling—
The strong rattle, prattle fleeing away—
The swell of it, and dwell of it—

and so forth, with "the swing, ring, ding of it," and much more to the same effect. We cannot pretend to interpret this enigmatic volume. Mr. Graham should have provided a Key.

The set of stories, or sketches, put forth as *Vignettes*, by G. E. Hodgson (Fisher Unwin), are oddly named, since they have none of the qualities proper to the vignette, and are extremely thin and colourless, and have no characteristics of any kind.

What one Woman Thinks (Fisher Unwin)—the essays of Haryot Holt Cahoon, edited by Cynthia Westover—is a collection of brief papers of a journalistic kind that is ordinary enough. One or two of these effusions you might read without rebellion, but should a dozen be taken in sequence—long would you suffer the "yawn of such a venture."

From Messrs. C. Smith & Son we have received a legible and ingeniously planned map of London, *Extended Tape Indicator Map of London*, mounted on linen, with a useful "Visitor's Guide" and Key-index to the map, by which, and the aid of the tape-indicator, reference to the map is greatly facilitated.

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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